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The New Statesman and Nation, November 10, 1934

WELLS and KEYNES

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VIII. No. 194 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE mid-term elections in America register a state of public opinion even more loyal to Mr. Roosevelt than it was when it first sanctioned the startling innovations of the New Deal. Congress is now more solidly than ever for a course of radical experiment, though whether it is as solid for Mr. Roosevelt's "middle of the road" policy remains to be seen. With 19 seats still doubtful, the House consists of 304 Democrats, and only 105 Republicans, with seven others. The new Senators include only five Republicans against 25 Democrats and two others. The traditional party of property has experienced no such reverse as this since the Civil War. More significant still are some of the individual results. The two La Follette brothers, standing as independent progressives, beat both the regular parties. Minnesota returned Mr. Olsen at the head of the Farmer-Labour Party with a programme which even Europeans would class as mildly Socialist. The significance of Mr. Upton Sinclair's effort in California is not so much that he failed to win the governorship, as that without the effective backing of the regular Democrats, he came so near to success. The defeat in the ultra-conservative, millionaire-ridden State of Pennsylvania of Senator Reed, the boldest of the critics of the New Deal, is at once a portent and a promise. What has happened is certainly a victory for Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, but even more certainly it means that America is swinging to the Left. How far will he swing with it?

Ferment in France

The announcement of M. Doumergue's resignation comes just as we go to press. All attempts at compromising the quarrel between the Prime Minister and the majority of the Chamber having failed, the Radical-Socialists decided on Wednesday that their representatives in the Cabinet should resign—and that, M. Doumergue declared, would mean his throwing in his hand. In normal circumstances this might be generally welcomed; M. Doumergue has been no great success, and his "National Government" is a farce. The difficulty, of course, is how to get any Government in France that can govern. Politics is a faction fight, and there is widespread disgust with the antics of the party politicians. M. Doumergue himself has a considerable "man-in-the-street" backing, and

there is danger of trouble from Fascist, or pseudo-Fascist, quarters. Colonel de la Roque, the leader of the Croix de Feu, is in a blustering mood, but it is believed that the elaborate police precautions which have been taken will prevent any repetition of the events of last February in Paris. It is hoped, too, that M. Doumergue's successor (the odds are that he will be M. Laval) will be ready to take office immediately. A prolonged Cabinet crisis would be an invitation to mischief in the street.

The French and the Saar

The French, by advertising with needless publicity the arrangements they have made to have a mobile military force ready to march into the Saar, have committed a very bad mistake. They have the right or the duty to furnish troops in case of need, but only if the governing Commission of the League should call them in. To proclaim their readiness to act, and to call as they did for British military support, was inevitably to raise the tempers in the contest (if that were possible) still higher. Sir John Simon gave a suitably cold answer in the House, adding to it his satisfaction at the assurances he had received from the German Government, that all demonstrations by the S.A. and S.S. have been forbidden within twenty-five miles of the Saar frontier. That the Nazis really are contemplating any species of violent irruption is difficult to believe, in spite of Mr. Knox's evidence. From violence and criminality they would not shrink if it served a purpose; but what in this instance could they gain? The worst result of the French blunder is that it has enabled Hitler to make, with a show of justification, a formal diplomatic protest in the capitals of the Western Powers, and so to pose before the Saarlanders as their saviour from a foreign invasion.

Japanese Faith

The Mandates Commission of the League reviewed this week the record of the Japanese in the chain of little islands in the Pacific, formerly German territory, which they hold under stringent conditions. That they are fortifying them and constructing naval harbours and aerodromes was roundly alleged. Their representative was unable to produce any plausible explanation of the many facts that justify this suspicion. Why had £80,000 been spent in one year on harbours that have no commercial importance? Was the new aerodrome in Saipan really a research station for the study of the atmosphere? Why then were foreign ships and 'planes forbidden to put in? Why was even an Anglican bishop, visiting his diocese, forbidden to land? There was no answer. Japan has broken her mandate. It is also plain, as we said last week, that her proposed oil monopoly in Manchuria is a violation of the Nine Power Treaty, which guarantees the "Open Door." The soothing message issued from Tokio the other day is taradiddle. The Japanese continue to assert that Manchukuo is an independent State that is not bound by any treaties to a world which (with the exception of Salvador) has not recognised its existence. That is a fiction which will not deceive a child-in-arms.

Germany's Latest Dictator

The cost of living in Germany has been rising sharply since the Nazis settled down to a policy of economic nationalism combined with an over-valued exchange. Germany is nominally on the gold standard; but in spite of the fall in gold prices the official cost of living index is now well above the average level of 1932. Wage-rates having fallen—how much no one exactly knows—and short time being common, even the employed workers are finding it hard to live at all at the present level of prices. The threat of a further rise is therefore a very serious matter for the Nazis. Hence the appointment of Dr. Goerdeler as virtual dictator of food prices for the whole of Germany, with powers superior to those of the regional *Statthalter*. Dr. Goerdeler, who is a Conservative not hitherto identified with the Nazis, held a somewhat similar post under Dr. Brüning to that which he is now to occupy under Herr Hitler, though his powers were then far less wide. His appointment does not appear, as some commentators have suggested, to involve a weakening of Dr. Schacht's influence. For Dr. Schacht can hardly hope to carry through his financial policy unless the cost of living is brought under control. Dr. Goerdeler is more likely to find himself at loggerheads with the Nazis' capitalist backing and with the Minister of Agriculture, Herr Darré, whose schemes are largely responsible for the rise in food prices. He can hardly avoid quarrelling with the peasants, if he takes his task seriously. But the chief capitalist supporters of Nazism are found rather in the heavy industries than in those concerned with the supply of food. All the same, Dr. Goerdeler's appointment shows that a "scissors" crisis is not far off in Nazi Germany.

Lena Goldfields

It is good news that the Lena Goldfields dispute has at last been settled. The Lena Company, when their concession in Russia was cancelled by the Soviet Government in 1930, put in a heavy claim for compensation. An arbitrator in London awarded them £13,000,000; but the Soviet Government, who had declined to be represented at the arbitration, regarded this as fantastic. Fantastic indeed it was; and later on negotiations were opened, in which the company reduced their demand to £3,500,000, while Moscow offered £1,000,000. Now, through the good offices of Mr. A. G. Marshall, an English business man who for many years has traded in Russia and has been in friendly relations with the Soviet, a compromise has been reached. Though the exact sum is not yet divulged, it is believed to be something over £2,000,000 and under £3,000,000. It may be argued, as it is by many in Russia, that the Lena Company are not entitled to anything. It may be argued, as it is by many here, that they have been swindled. Others will think they are lucky to get what seems to be a fair and substantial sum. And everybody—and not least Downing Street and the Kremlin—will be heartily glad at the removal of this irritant to Anglo-Russian friendship.

Sedition and the Printer

An admirable letter appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday last calling attention to the most dangerous aspect of the Sedition Bill. The letter was signed by six well-known publishers, Jonathan Cape, Hugh Dent, Geoffrey Faber, George Harrap, Allen Lane, Stanley Unwin and Leonard Woolf. They called attention to the effect which this unnecessary and silly Bill will have on the mind of the printer. They quote a case which has already

occurred of a totally absurd refusal by a printer to print pacifist propaganda in a Children's Annual. On the next day Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P., replied in another letter to the *Times* arguing that the printer's fears were unjustified and suggesting that the publisher's remedy was to change his printer. This completely misses the point. True, such censorship by the printer is not in quiet times rational; there is not to-day any serious danger that the Bill as now amended would be used for the prosecution of general pacifist propaganda. But theoretically it might be, and when the printer is not himself politically interested he may consider himself justified in refusing to run even a theoretical risk. The effect of the Bill, unless the innocent printer is exempt from its provisions, will be constantly to harass both publisher and printer, and to prevent the publication of matter which the Attorney-General admits to be entirely legal.

The Depressed Areas

The White Paper on the Depressed Areas which has been published this week is a gloomy document, illumined by some rays of hope. The four Commissioners have no sovereign remedy to offer for the mass of misery they have investigated. Under present conditions there clearly is no sovereign remedy. A number of proposals, however, are made for alleviating distress. Mr. Davidson recommends a land settlement scheme, financed by a Development Trust, in West Cumberland; and his colleagues advocate similar schemes of settlement and transference in Scotland, South Wales and Durham. For South Wales Sir Wyndham Portal also suggests a trade treaty with Italy; the establishment of a Government factory and a State subsidy to wages in new industries set up in the areas; and a coalfield drainage scheme. Captain Wallace goes farthest with his proposals for Durham and Tyneside. These include some attempt at national planning in respect of new industries, as well as a grant of £700,000 to reduce rates and a merger of local authorities. Captain Wallace also emphasises the importance of tackling the question of mining royalties. This, we understand, has been under consideration by the Government; and we shall presumably know more of their views on it, and on the rest of the Commissioners' recommendations, when the House debates the Report next week.

Maternal Mortality

It is a grim fact that the maternal mortality rate in this country remains almost stationary. Despite all the efforts of the past ten years to improve the midwifery service, approximately four mothers die every year per 1,000 babies born alive. At least half these deaths, according to the Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality, are preventable. Why are they not prevented? That was the question discussed at the Conference on Maternal Mortality which was held in London on Tuesday. And the answer, in the opinion of most of the delegates, was that malnutrition was the root cause of nearly all the preventable deaths, to say nothing of ill health after childbirth. The suggestion that Sir George Newman's diet chart for expectant mothers, with its list of fish, eggs, butter and fresh fruit, should become the "Mothers' Charter" was warmly applauded, as also was another proposal that any expectant mother attending a clinic should be given a substantial midday meal. These may seem counsels of perfection. But the present state of affairs is a scandal, and we hope that the local health authorities and the Government will think hard about, and act upon, the resolution carried by the Conference. That myriads of poor mothers are under-nourished everybody knows. That under-nourishment helps to kill many of them in childbirth, we shall continue to believe, until we have good proof to the contrary.

Controversy at the B.B.C.

Professor Haldane's Talk on the causes of war, which was refused by the B.B.C. and printed in the *Daily Herald*, was an admirably clear statement. It was absurd, and worse, to refuse it and Mr. H. G. Wells's decision to cancel his own Talk was a very natural protest. The B.B.C. explanation is that Professor Haldane was expected to speak as a scientist and not as an individual—as if the two could possibly be kept in water-tight compartments! If Professor Haldane had been asked to broadcast specifically on the biological causes of war—assuming that they exist, which he denies—the B.B.C. request to him to alter his Talk so that it fitted the plan of their series would have been reasonable. It was true that other speakers with a rather less advanced attitude were to speak of armaments and economic causes. But as no such stipulation was made, Professor Haldane was justified in refusing to alter his Talk. It did not justify his accustomed rudeness. But even that is not a reason for preventing him from broadcasting.

The State of Employment

The decline in employment shown in the latest returns is mainly accounted for by seasonal influences and by a worsening of the position in the coal industry. In most of the trades not greatly subject to seasonal influences there was little change; and the highly protected industries serving mainly the home market showed no recession. The general situation is still affected by the large number of juveniles out of work, as a result of the "bulge" in the number of those leaving school this summer. A few more of these have now been absorbed; but with the total volume of employment somewhat contracted, this must have been at the expense of adult workers. The broad deductions from the figures is that the pace of re-employment in the industries catering for the protected home market is already slowing down, so that, in the absence of special measures to provide employment on public works, or to take unemployed juveniles off the labour market, the seasonal factors are likely to make for an increase in total unemployment during the winter months. The increase is, however, not likely to be very large, and comparatively modest measures for increase in State-aided employment would suffice to counteract it. It is quite serious enough to add force to the contention that it is sheer folly to add large numbers of juveniles to a labour market which has no need of their services, instead of keeping them at least a year longer at school.

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LABOUR'S MUNICIPAL POLICY

EVERYONE knew the political tide was running in favour of the Labour Party. But few expected such sweeping victories as it won in the municipal elections last week. The gains in the country as a whole went far beyond the recovery of the losses incurred in the slump of 1931. In London—where all the members of the borough councils retire triennially, and not, as in the provinces, one-third each year—the results were still more remarkable. Labour registered a net gain of 457 seats, and is now in control of fifteen out of the twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs, as against four that it held previously. In Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Poplar and Stepney it has every seat on the Council (its opponents are in the same position in Chelsea, Hampstead, Holborn and Westminster); and in Southwark it gained no less than fifty-two seats and has but one solitary "Independent" to dilute its majority. In Fulham, which had previously had a completely Tory council, twenty-seven Labour members were returned. And in all the metropolitan boroughs the Party has in the aggregate 729 out of 1,386 seats.

What is the explanation of this landslide? "Apathy," cry the leaders and prophets of the vanquished. But that is a specious argument. It is true that the percentages of the electors who voted were not high, though they generally showed an increase, and in some cases a substantial increase. It is true also that there is more enthusiasm and better organisation on the Labour side. But what warrant is there for the assumption that all or most of those who stayed at home on November 1st were simply lazy anti-Socialists? Some of them doubtless were utterly indifferent, some were mugwumps; many, we may fairly presume, were deliberate abstainers, who, had they been compelled to vote, would have voted Labour. There is in London, as elsewhere, a strong reaction against Conservative rule—the normal swing of the pendulum—and a demand for more drastic remedies for social discontents. The Municipal Reformers, as they complacently call themselves, have had little in the way of reform to offer. Their administration, if it has not been wholly bad, has been directed mainly to keeping down the rates. Their friend, Lord Beaverbrook, assures them —like Mrs. Varden, in *Barnaby Rudge*, "not scolding but in a sort of monotonous remonstrance"—that the reason for their defeat, now as in the L.C.C. election last March, is that they have no policy. No doubt he is right, though what sort of policy, consistent with their principles, he could have expected them to win on we do not know.

A much more important question is what Labour is going to do with its victories. The Tories answer in two words—"waste money." One of their chief newspapers confidently predicts "an orgy of public expenditure"; another paints a lurid picture of the capital of the Empire conquered by the Goths—the predatory Socialist tribe, appealing to popular ignorance and cupidity. We need not dissect all this fustian. No sensible person supposes that Socialists want to put the rates up merely for fun or from malice. Some Labour councils have indeed striven to keep the rates down. In other cases, where the rates are high, they are so from grim necessity. In Merthyr Tydfil they stand at the appalling level of 27*s.* 6*d.* in the pound. Of that 27*s.* 6*d.* no less than 15*s.* 6*d.* goes in public assistance to a vast host of the poverty-stricken families of unemployed workmen. Even when there is not such sensational distress, the rates will naturally be higher in poor than in rich districts, since the produce of a penny rate will be lower. Southport has a population of 79,000 and a rateable value of £866,000. Its rates are 8*s.* St. Helens has a population of 106,000 and a rateable value of only £407,000. Its rates are 16*s.* Durham County, with something under a million inhabitants, has a rateable value of about £3¼ million and a rate of 13*s.* 6*d.* Kent, with a slightly larger population, has a rateable value of over £8½ million and a rate of 7*s.*

Of course, the burden of the rates presses on the poor as well as on the rich. That may be a good reason for reforming our present system of local taxation; it does not justify the demand for cutting expenditure in every conceivable way. If the social services are to be improved and extended, as they ought to be, then more and not less public expenditure is required. And the test of sound municipal administration is not simply how much money it can save, but what value it gets, or provides, for its expenditure. The Labour Party will not be deterred, we hope, by the jeers or threats of its opponents, from increasing taxes or rates for educational or public health or housing purposes. It is in these spheres particularly that Labour councils may be expected to be most active, as they have been in the past, though, having regard to the limited powers of all the local authorities, the straitened resources of many of them, and the complexion of the present Government, it would be absurd to look for revolutionary achievements. Reform and progress, however, there may and must be.

In London the Labour Party, under the vigorous leadership of Mr. Herbert Morrison, has a great opportunity before it. The County Council has begun well, both in small things and in large, and it will be strengthened, directly and indirectly, by the borough council victories. How exactly those victories will be exploited in the boroughs themselves we cannot discuss here, though there is one way in which we trust they will not be exploited. Mr. Morrison, as secretary of the London Labour Party, has issued a memorandum to the new councillors, warning them against the temptations to find jobs in the council's service for friends and relatives, and to mix themselves with contractors doing business with the council. There is no reason to believe that corruption of this sort has been rife in the Labour Party; probably, taking it by and large, it has been far more common in other parties. But it is very proper advice, which should be duly heeded.

Let us return for a moment to the larger task of Labour in London. That task, as we see it, is to make London not merely the biggest but the finest town in the country. The L.C.C. cannot, of course, achieve that by itself, but it can do much. And, by present signs, it means to do much. The Labour Party when it came into office last spring was confronted with a big housing programme which the Municipal Reformers thought, or pretended, might be carried out in ten years. This after careful scrutiny was adopted in substance last July as the Labour plan—a seven-year, however, and not a ten-year plan. Since then the Housing Committee have decided that it can be fulfilled in five years. It includes slum clearances, involving the removal of some 250,000 people, the de-

molition of 35,000 insanitary houses and the construction of some 55,000 new ones. It includes also the relief of the overcrowding in non-slum dwellings, by the erection of another 30,000 houses. Preparations for this, the search for sites and so on, are going steadily forward. If State subsidies are presently forthcoming, as it is hoped they may be (for new building and not merely for slum clearance), the ratepayers of London will naturally be pleased. But, in any case, the ratepayers of London ought not to grudge their contribution to so vital a reform.

Rehousing, however, urgent as it is, is not all that is called for. London needs replanning, alike for convenience and for beauty. Mr. Morrison has made a prompt start with Waterloo Bridge; Charing Cross still awaits his attention, though he may fairly plead that, in view of the immense cost of that project and of the business already in hand, he cannot be rushed. The L.C.C., we are glad to know, has prepared its Bill in which Parliament will be asked, in the coming session, to grant the necessary powers for acquiring the land on the south side of the river from the County Hall to Waterloo Bridge. And, what is still more encouraging, plans are being evolved for the whole 117 square miles of the administrative county, with its multifarious buildings, its streets and bridges, its parks and open spaces. Such plans will doubtless raise the question of co-ordination with the Greater London outside the county boundary; but that is another problem. For the moment what matters is that the keenness and imagination which the L.C.C. and its Town Planning Committee are showing should not flag. And that will depend on whether the citizens of London will give them their backing for a finer London, and be prepared to pay for it.

SHAW ON WELLS ON STALIN

A Comment by J. M. Keynes

WHAT is the difference between Shaw and Wells? It is the difference between the clergy and the scientists. Shaw believes that he and we *know* all there is to be known, and it is only our nasty feelings that stand between us and what should be. He takes our knowledge as given and our feelings, our passions, as the variable in the system. But Wells takes our feelings as given and our knowledge as the variable. For him it is a shift in our knowledge which will work the sea-change. Wells is a searcher, an inquirer. But Shaw is such a dogmatist by now that it makes but little difference to his enthusiasm whether it is Stalin or Mussolini. He would have a good word for the Pope (as we see in St. Joan), if it were not that His Holiness is so mild and broadminded.

Hence flows Shaw's brilliantly malicious misinterpretation of the atmosphere of the interview with Stalin. My picture of that interview is of a man struggling with a gramophone. The reproduction is excellent, the record is word-perfect. And there is poor Wells feeling that he has his one chance to coax the needle off the record and hear it—vain hope—speak in human tones. Shaw mocks Wells's little pretences which show him pathetically conscious that one must be polite to one's host even when it is a gramophone. He reproves Wells as a bad listener. But, in fact, Wells's weakness is that he can't bear gramophones. He is enjoying the most interesting interview of his life—and he is stupendously bored. Desperately he struggles. Clumsily he coaxes. But it is no good. To the end the reproduction is excellent and the record word-perfect.

Shaw writes that Wells "has not come to be instructed by Stalin, but to instruct him." Nothing could be more untrue. On the contrary. It is Wells's trouble that he has never yet found a satisfactory instruction to give. He has nothing to offer Stalin. That is what Stalin might have pointed out, if gramophones could hear.

I ask Shaw and Stalin to allow the possibility that mere intellectual cogitation may have something to contribute to the solution, and also that their traditional interpretation does not fit the present facts. Shaw speaks of the "standard system" of the economists "still taught in our universities," and of how "its completeness and logic reconciled humane thinkers like De Quincey, Austin, Macaulay and the Utilitarians to it in full view of its actual and prospective horrors." I sympathise with his passage—it is excellently put. But Shaw has forgotten that he and Stalin are just as completely under the intellectual dominance of that standard system as Asquith and Inge. The system bred two families—those who thought it true and inevitable, and those who thought it true and intolerable. There was no third school of thought in the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, there is a third possibility—that it is not true. A most upsetting idea to the dogmatists—no one would be more annoyed than Stalin by that thought—but hugely exhilarating to the scientists.

It is this third alternative which will allow us to escape. The standard system is based on intellectual error. The dispersal of that error and the substitution for it of a sounder economic theory, which is as obviously applicable to our problems as electrical theory is to the practical problems of the electrician, will make a vaster difference to our outlook than Shaw and Stalin yet foresee. Our pressing task is the elaboration of a new standard system which will justify economists in taking their seat beside other scientists. Wells's peculiar gift of imagination lies in his creative grasp of the possibilities and ultimate implications of the data with which contemporary scientists furnish him. At the same time he is a social and political dreamer—or has grown so as he becomes older—much more than a technical or mathematical dreamer; of the school of Plato, not of Pythagoras or Archimedes. Wells's misfortune has been to belong to a generation to whom their economists have offered nothing new. They have given him no platform from which his imagination can leap. But Wells is fully conscious all the same, and justly so, that his own mind dwells with the future and Shaw's and Stalin's with the past.

Not only is the old theory faulty. The facts of the world shift. Shaw and Stalin are still satisfied with Marx's picture of the capitalist world, which had much verisimilitude in his day but is unrecognisable, with the rapid flux of the modern world, three-quarters of a century later. They look backwards to what capitalism was, not forward to what it is becoming. That is the fate of those who dogmatise in the social and economic sphere where evolution is proceeding at a dizzy pace from one form of society to another. In the second half of the nineteenth century it was plausible to say that the capitalists—meaning the leaders of the City and the captains of industry—held the power. It was plausible to say that the economic organisation of society, in spite of its glaring faults, suited them on the whole, and that, so long as they held the power, they would successfully resist major changes coming from other quarters. Nor was it easy to see in 1870 how the power could pass from them by a peaceful process of evolution. Indeed, for another generation after that their effective power increased—mainly at the expense of the aristocratic and landowning regime which had preceded them. Queen Victoria died as the monarch of the most capitalistic empire upon which the sun has (or has not) set.

If Shaw had kept up with the newspapers since the death of Queen Victoria, he would know that a complex of events has destroyed that form of society. One of the principal causes may have been a sort of natural law which prescribes that the giants of the forest shall have no immediate successors. The leaders of the City and the captains of industry were tremendous boys at the height of their glory; and in due course they became tremendous old boys, with vision dimmed but tenacity and will power untamed. Saplings of the same seed

could not survive in their shade. When the giants fell with years, a different sort of tree was found growing in the forest underneath. And much else has happened. The capitalist has lost the source of his inner strength—his self-assurance, his self-confidence, his untameable will, his belief in his own beauty and unquestionable value to society. He is a forlorn object, Heaven knows—at the best, a pathetic well-meaning Clissold. Lord Revelstoke the first, Lord Rothschild the first, Lord Goschen the first, Sir Lothian Bell, Sir Ernest Cassel, the private bankers, the ship-owning families, the merchant princes, the world-embracing contractors, the self-made barons of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow—where are they now? There are no such objects on the earth. Their office-boys (on salaries) rule in their mausoleums.

Thus, for one reason or another, Time and the Joint Stock Company and the Civil Service have silently brought the salaried class into power. Not yet a Proletariat. But a Salariat, assuredly. And it makes a great difference.

Moreover, the nineteenth century, with all its horrors, suited those in power. They liked it. Well might Marx argue that nothing on earth could bring down those Houyhnhnms, except to organise the myriad Lilliputians and arm them with poisoned arrows. But to-day's muddle suits no one. The problem to-day is first to concert good advice and then to convince the well-intentioned that it is good. When Wells has succeeded in discovering the right stuff, the public will swallow it in gulps—the Salariat quicker than the Proletariat. There is no massive resistance to a new direction. The risk is of a contrary kind—lest society plunge about in its perplexity and dissatisfaction into something worse. Revolution, as Wells says, is out of date. For a revolution is against personal power. In England to-day no one has personal power.

Yet let Stalin be comforted. When I have said all this, I have not touched the real strength of Communism. On the surface Communism enormously overestimates the significance of the economic problem. The economic problem is not too difficult to solve. If you will leave that to me, I will look after it. But when I have solved it, I shall not receive, or deserve, much thanks. For I shall have done no more than disclose that the real problem, lying behind, is quite different and further from solution than before. Underneath, Communism draws its strength from deeper, more serious sources. Offered to us as a means of improving the economic situation, it is an insult to our intelligence. But offered as a means of making the economic situation *worse*, that is its subtle, its almost irresistible, attraction.

Communism is not a reaction against the failure of the nineteenth century to organise optimal economic output. It is a reaction against its comparative success. It is a protest against the emptiness of economic welfare, an appeal to the ascetic in us all, to other values. It is the curate in Wells, far from extinguished by the scientist, which draws him to take a peep at Moscow. It is Shaw, the noblest old curate in the world and the least scientific, who rallies to the good cause of putting the economist in his place somewhere underground. The idealistic youth play with Communism because it is the only spiritual appeal which feels to them contemporary; but its economics bothers and disturbs them. When Cambridge undergraduates take their inevitable trip to Bolshiedom, are they disillusioned when they find it all dreadfully uncomfortable? Of course not. That is what they are looking for.

So I pay my affectionate respects to *both* our grand old schoolmasters, Shaw and Wells, to whom most of us have gone to school all our lives, our divinity master and our stinks master. I only wish we had had a third, equal to them in his own field, to teach us humane letters and thearts.

Among other features in next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be an article by MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY on the State and the Theatre.

A REPLY TO MR. SHAW

By H. G. Wells

THE EDITOR has asked me whether I have anything to add to this discussion of my conversation with Mr. Stalin. Would I reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw? But who could reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw? He has acquired by habit and prescription the woman's privilege of wanton incoherent assertion. The torrent of fanciful misrepresentation and shrewd insinuation flows; one shrugs one's shoulders. I am Clissold, I am Ponderevo, I am anything but myself; I am mean, I am vain—no gentleman. If it makes Shaw happier; so be it. He has said it all beautifully time after time. And he says, too, that I change and chop about and am a cowardly runaway and a time server—and quite possibly he has managed to believe even that! But why did he repeat all this stuff about my personality when there were better things to write about? I had a conversation with Stalin, and so did Shaw and Lady Astor, but I know of no official report of that other encounter; I have only Stalin's remarks upon it, and they are not for public use; I cannot even institute a comparison and give the converse picture. Did the three of them fraternise on the class-war idea? I presume so. Did Shaw listen? He says I did not listen to what Stalin said, but does anyone believe Shaw listened to what Stalin said? Did Stalin get a chance to say anything? About all that talk Shaw has preserved a quite un-Shavian silence.

Shaw's sneer at Galsworthy's P.E.N. Club I find a trifle graceless. The P.E.N. Club is a small ambitious body, it is scarcely more than four times as numerous, solvent and well-known as the Fabian Society was thirty years ago. But it is free from pretentiousness and it fights for liberty of speech, and I am glad to have been of use to it after Galsworthy's death. I won't defend the P.E.N. I won't defend myself against any of this. At the utmost I will hint only at the curiosity I feel about what Shaw imagines those marvellous "guns" were, to which he and Webb "stuck" so valiantly in the great days of Cliffords Inn. They are still, it seems, banging away victoriously in his dear old head. To the complete exclusion of any apprehension of what is happening about him.

I certainly do not see my mental life as an affair of sticking to guns. I would as soon stick in the mud. But I do see it as a persistent sticking to a trail. I have never regarded Fabianism and its insurrectionary antagonist, Marxism—both of which it seems Shaw swallowed simultaneously in those grand old Fabian days—as the culmination of human wisdom. I have moved with the times. Since I first broached my fermenting ideas in *Anticipations* and the *Food of the Gods*, I have been steadily and progressively developing my realisation of a fundamental group of contemporary facts; the change of scale and scope in human conditions, the supersession of toil and the necessary changes of ideas, customs and institutions that may ensue and should ensue upon that. Shaw has been sticking so valiantly to those "guns" of his that, in spite of the sincere, affectionate and entirely respectful educational efforts I have described in my *Autobiography*, he has never grasped even in the most elementary fashion what that change of scale means. He does not understand these things at all, and now I fear he never will. I may, as he says, be indisposed to listen to what I have heard before, but for all intellectual ends, his touchily defensive egotism and his disposition to dramatise make so brilliant a clamour that he is practically stone deaf.

This conception of a change of scale as the primarily important reality in contemporary affairs, is one so wide and fruitful in direction that it makes that queer jumble up of greeds, suspicions, envies, fears, hates and misconceptions which constitutes the class-war idea, seem as grotesquely out of date for a motivating system as the dread of witchcraft—which has also in its time moved great masses of human beings to well-meaning violence and outrageous injustice. Even

Stalin manifestly holds to it by a considerable effort, *ex officio*, and for tactical purposes Shaw professes it because he is quite unable to understand why he should not do things like that. We all do things like that, more or less, and what a pity it is! For the life of me I cannot believe him unaware of the steady evaporation of the class-war delusion. The human mind, which is so much greater than the personalities it carries, is passing on towards creative realisations of the vastest sort, and this squabbling legacy from the ages of scarcity fades to unimportance even where it still extends. To realise the inspiration of modern possibilities, to realise the gigantic promises that are breaking through the confusions of contemporary reality, makes these little bits of showing-off and our mutual gibes and belittlement seem pitiful stuff. It is pitiful stuff.

What poor cramped things we shall seem to the generations ahead! Here are Shaw and I nearing the end of our lives, and we can do nothing better with each other than this personal bally-ragging. It is ridiculous to be competitive and personally comparative after sixty-five. Slowly the shape of things to come is growing clear about us. It is plain that a new way of living for our kind is dawning. A multitude of people are apprehending it dimly, and presently multitudes will be apprehending it vividly. Now it is a possibility; to-morrow it will be a manifest objective. Thousands are contributing, and no one can dance ahead and say: "This movement is mine." Blinded by traditions, conventions, jealousies, patriotisms, prejudices, self-protective malice and *amour propre*, we of the passing generation grope on towards it almost unwillingly. Shaw's attack upon me and my own ill-controlled resentment have set me asking uneasily whether now it is not already time for us to go? More than we like to imagine may be being done by the unobtrusive young.

Yet I feel that I had rather keep on for a little longer if only to say at the exit to this dreary class-war dogma: "After you."

A LONDON DIARY

THE last years of the nineteenth century were the heyday of British economic imperialism. People who are tired of the theory and want a concrete instance of the way in which economic imperialism leads to war will not find any book more illuminating than the third volume of Mr. Garvin's *Life of Joseph Chamberlain* (Macmillan, 21s.). It covers the period 1895–1900—the period in which Great Britain struggled with France for the biggest slice of East and West Africa, and with the Boers for domination over the whole of South Africa. France and Russia then seemed our most likely enemies. We already knew from Eckardstein's memoirs how near we got to joining the Triple Alliance instead of the Triple Entente, but Mr. Garvin adds new documents and makes the whole story clearer. Chamberlain did his best for an Anglo-German entente and was only defeated by the Kaiser's folly. Most of the book, however, is devoted to South Africa. It clears up a number of points about the Jameson Raid, and makes it much more possible to allocate the degrees of responsibility for the Boer War as between Kruger, Rhodes, Milner and Chamberlain. Mr. Garvin is of course himself an ardent imperialist and a devoted admirer of Chamberlain. But one stands surprised at his moderation and grateful for his thoroughness and unusual restraint, as well as for his masterly arrangement of a mass of new material. The book will have to be discussed at length in the next issue of this paper; it is much too important for hasty review.

* * *

My remarks about the Albert Hall meeting last week have called forth a letter from Fascist headquarters. It contains much vulgar and some unprintable abuse. There are three points to answer. First, that the last Albert Hall meeting was not Sir Oswald Mosley's "first uninterrupted meeting in London." I said this in fairness to Sir Oswald, who continuously complains of interruptions. I now understand that he has had several other uninterrupted meetings—I had not realised how efficient the police guard was—and I stand corrected on this point. Secondly, I am told that Sir Oswald did not say there had been no hospital cases after Olympia, but that "there had been only one man *detained* in hospital, and that man happened to suffer only from injuries to the face." In reply to this I need only remind Sir Oswald that apart from the first-hand testimony of Conservative M.P.s like Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd and Mr. Anstruther Gray, and of independent witnesses like Mr. Gerald Barry and the Rev. Dick Sheppard, we have the full statement of Sir John Gilmour in the House of Commons. The Home Secretary reported on June 14th the details of fourteen hospital cases after Olympia. Is Sir John Gilmour accused of lying? Thirdly, I am accused of wicked, dastardly and poisonous propaganda for reporting, quite accurately, the gist of a conversation I had with a Jewish financier in the City. The conversation was private, or I would willingly give his name. I do not know whether his view that Fascism was not dangerous to Jews or to financiers has changed since Sir Oswald's recent remarks about Jews and financiers in the Albert Hall.

* * *

I was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. A. R. Orage almost immediately after his excellent broadcast with Mr. Graham Hutton last Monday. He was a most interesting and unusual man. He began as a theosophist and biographer of Nietzsche, and he never lost his interest in mysticism. At one period he was one of Ouspenski's disciples in that remarkable colony at Fontainebleau which most people know of because of Katharine Mansfield's association with it. But Orage's fame dated from his editorship of *The New Age* before the war. He was himself a brilliant writer and even more brilliant talker. He shared the conversational honours with Augustus John in the days when the intellectual Left made the Café Royal its meeting place. He gathered some of the most remarkable thinkers and writers of the period round him. Men like Chesterton and Belloc, G. D. H. Cole and Clifford Sharp wrote regularly for *The New Age* and seldom if ever received a penny for their contributions. I have never known any other editor with his gift for successfully assuming that brilliant people would contribute to his paper for nothing. It was in Orage's *New Age* that Guild Socialism came to life. Orage himself became increasingly interested in the financial side of Socialism, and was more responsible than anyone else for popularising Major Douglas's credit proposals. In recent years he returned to the attack in the *New English Weekly*, and he is known to this generation almost entirely as a brilliant journalist with one subject—credit reform. I had a conversation with him not long ago on this subject. I found that our views were not very far apart. I said that some such scheme of credit reform (though not, I thought, Major Douglas's particular formula) would have to be adopted by a Socialist community. My trouble was that it was dangerous to let people think you could transform Capitalism by an attack on bankers and financiers alone, and that I feared that the Douglasites might be lured into support of the Fascists. Orage cordially agreed. He did believe in the Douglas formula and believed he ought to propagate it, but he was a Socialist as well and never thought that Douglasism could be applied except by Socialists.

* * *

Lt.-Col. Bingham, in a letter to the *Times*, is agitated by the reluctance of young men to join the Army, Navy or Territorials. He attributes this largely to the fact that young men never see a soldier.

> How often does one see at the cinema any of the Services "doing their stuff"? Practically never. The result is that the younger generation, which spends a good deal of its time and pocket money at the pictures, does not know what the Army looks like. Why then should we be surprised that the young men do not join a thing they know nothing about?

How unfortunate the Colonel must have been in his visits to the cinema! When I go to a news-reel, about 50 per cent.

of the programme is always given up to pictures of armed forces. The fleet at manoeuvres, inspections of the Air Force, Troopings of the Colours, to say nothing of fighting in Manchuria, cavalry in Germany, drilling children in Italy, and military funerals in France—I am bored and appalled by the continuous spectacle of uniforms, uniforms, uniforms. A visitor from another planet would suppose that the principal object and customary occupation of most human beings was to fight, or at least to dress up in uncomfortable clothes and perform the elaborately regulated ritual dance called "drill." I doubt if much of this persistent propaganda is deliberate: the news-reel companies want showy material, and get it cheaply at manoeuvres and reviews. But I have the impression that a large proportion of the audience is as tired as I am of this type of film. After all, it is always the same old story, year after year, whether the occasion is a Bishop blessing the Colours, or H.R.H. The Princess Royal inspecting the regiment of which she is Colonel. And, in spite of this, the chaps still won't enlist? Perhaps it is possible to watch men standing to attention without longing to follow their example.

* * *

I hope it is true that the organisers of Tuesday night's Mock Trial on the Sedition Bill are proposing to do it again. The Friends' House was packed out on Tuesday; more than 800 were turned away, and those who were lucky enough to get in obviously and even uproariously enjoyed themselves. Some of the fun was really first-class, much of it was good music-hall, and all of it had just the right air of spontaneity to carry it over its occasional *lacunae* with a swing. Both the counsel and all the witnesses were good. Personally, I found it hard to choose between the sophisticated smartness of Miles Malleson as a police inspector, the bewildered inanity of the august editor of this review as a full private in the army, and the fatuous senility of Aylmer Vallance as judge. Low was his superb self, looking more like the little fellow in his own cartoons than ever. The "house" was of just the right kind for the occasion, quick to take the allusions and wholehearted in its appreciation of the broader points as well. I have heard it said that it is a mistake to treat the Sedition Bill as a joke in this way, but I emphatically disagree. If a joke is a good joke—and this one was—it stands on its own merits; but that is hardly the point here. The "trial" was an excellent and typically English way of drawing attention to the follies of a dangerous measure. Really the work which the National Council for Civil Liberties has put in on the Bill has been prodigious and wonderfully successful.

* * *

These two news items appeared on the same page of the same issue of the *Star* of November 6th.

> Belvoir hounds killed to-day, in the kitchen of Leadenhall Rectory, Lincoln—while the cook and maids stood by screaming. The Rector, the Rev. W. G. Shorten, had gone to the meet, and followed hounds back to his own home again. After a long chase the fox scuttled across the village churchyard, and, by taking the high wall around it, left most of the pack behind. Five hounds got over, however, and followed him. The door of the rectory was open, and the fox shot through with the hounds close behind.

> The head and forequarters of a rabbit, said to have been torn to pieces by three greyhounds, were produced to-day when Thomas Tapsell, aged 34, salesman, of North Road, Wimbledon, and William Marshall, aged 24, labourer, of South Road, Wimbledon, were charged with cruelty. They were fined £10 each or a month. When spoken to Tapsell said, "We were just having a bit of rabbit coursing."

Surely the law is an odd affair. Is it legal to hunt with foxhounds, but not with greyhounds? Is it cruel for a labourer to do what is not cruel for a rector? Or ought the rector to be tried? Or is it cruel to pull a rabbit to pieces and sport to pull a fox to pieces? I cannot make it out at all.

* * *

I take the following extract from the *Times* of November 2nd: ". . . then the Cabinet meeting began. It lasted until 2 p.m., and when it was over, the Prime Minister, addressing the crowd of anxious journalists, said:

> "We have deliberated. . . . We informed his Excellency of our decisions, the principal of which is to continue maintaining reserve until the opportune moment arrives to take a definite decision considering all sorts of circumstances. I cannot add one single word more on this matter. . . ."

This curious Prime Ministerial statement, I hasten to explain, comes from Spain, and the decision not to make a decision was a decision about whether to execute twenty-two death sentences or to decide not to decide whether to do so or not. The Prime Minister in question was the Spanish Prime Minister. Is it possible that 10 Downing Street is infectious?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. W. H. Gee.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, D.S.O., a well-known Nottinghamshire fox-hunter and a former master of hounds, says: "If foxes, like women, had a vote, I think they would vote unanimously for the keeping up of fox-hunting. . . . I have known a fox that was absolutely devoted to fox-hunting. . . . After we had hunted him many seasons, I regret to say we killed him."—*Daily Mail.*

Would anyone like to send out Coué thoughts for the success of a girl who has just finished the opening chapter of her first novel?—Her Mother.—Advert. in *Morning Post.*

The Socialists . . . have already captured the London County Council, where they have . . . used compulsory education for . . . teaching Pacifism to little children.—Lord Jessel, President of the National Union of Ratepayers, reported in *Morning Post.*

The Duke of Kent's introduction in the House of Lords on Wednesday will be an occasion of unusual ceremony. In its symbolism it appears in these days like an initiation not so much to the highest rank of the peerage as to a higher order of mankind.—*Observer.*

Sir,—This is once again splendid of Lady Houston. She is the Ace of Trumps. England *would* be great if she were Prime Minister. S. S. Bentley.—*Saturday Review.*

On the memorial tablet in front of the Chapel of the New Cemetery they would see that Mr. W. B. Luke, the then chairman of the Willesden Burial Board, opened it on September 15th, 1891, and near by was Mr. Luke's grave. He died in September, 1930, and in his lifetime he saw the cemetery, which he first knew as vacant fields, almost completely filled and another cemetery purchased to succeed it. Surely a romance of the rapid development of their wonderful town. *Willesden Chronicle.*

Rudyard Kipling is England's greatest literary genius since Shakespeare, and he has never had a square deal from the screen. Neither has Shakespeare, for that matter.—*Stage.*

Britain's champion cow met Lord Lonsdale yesterday at the Dairy Show in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.—*Daily Herald.*

Mr. Insull declared that he believed so strongly in his Middle West company that he put into it not only his own money but that of friends and even widows and orphans and people he wanted to help.—*Sunday Times.*

The history of the seven-day week is obscure. It probably grew naturally in the human mind, but surely under an over-ruling Providence.—Letter in *Weekly Press and County Post.*

C.I.D. (Playhouse), by the Rev. William Haslam, Vicar of Brockenhurst. This is probably the best play ever written by a Vicar of Brockenhurst.—*Sphere.*

THE SPY: AN APPRECIATION

In the early months of the war there was probably no belligerent country that had not its spy scare. One of the chief proofs of the baseness of the enemy was that he was using spies—an odious and cowardly thing that no decent country would think of doing. The ordinary Englishman was convinced that the German spy system was morally on a level with poisoning wells with disease germs. The German spy seemed to his heated imagination to be a vile person, a coward, a Uriah Heep, vermin that deserved to be exterminated without mercy. If you had told him at the time that the English also had spies he would have become indignant and certainly have denied that any comparison between English spies and German spies was possible. In the first place, he looked on spying as a very un-English practice and did his best to believe that honest old John Bull was too trustful and simple-minded to use such methods even against a malignant enemy. In the second place, even if the English did make use of spies, he was persuaded in some woolly-headed way that they did so in frank, manly, and above-board fashion that was in striking contrast to the sneaking, cowardly, underhand methods of the Germans. This may be a slight exaggeration, but it would not be easy to exaggerate the extent of moral condemnation that was heaped on the head of German spies in the early days of the war. The spies on our own side, if we admit their existence, are heroes; the spies on the other side, of whose existence we know only too well, are villains of the deepest dye.

I could not help remembering the hysteria of the spy scare when I read of the memorial that was unveiled during the week, at Lübeck, to Lody, the German spy who was executed in the Tower of London twenty years ago. Even at the time, Lody's bearing at his trial and execution caused many people to waver in their theory that a German spy must necessarily be a villain. It was rumoured that the judges who sentenced him were deeply moved at having to sentence to death one who was obviously a selfless patriot and man of honour. It was said that the officer in charge of the firing-squad shook hands with him at his request before his execution. Even so, Lody had not been long in his grave till the old hatred and moral reprobation of enemy spies were in full swing again, and till from Southend to Land's End the German spy was once more detested as a peculiarly evil and cowardly species of human rat.

This, I suppose, was only natural in wartime. In order to have the passionate energy necessary to carry on a war, the ordinary human being must be filled with a burning fury against the moral vileness of the enemy. If all human beings were philosophers, there would be no wars, since they would then see the good and bad on both sides. I do not suggest that both sides are usually equal either in their virtues or in the justices of their cause; but, in order to fight the other side effectively, it seems to be necessary to believe that it is at least twice as vile as it actually is. It would be easy to imagine an unscrupulous statesman inventing stories of the enemy's vileness simply as the best method of maintaining the war spirit among his countrymen. As it happens, there is seldom any need for a statesman to turn his inventive brain to such purposes. Stories of the enemy's vileness invent themselves, and statesmen are taken in by them as much as anybody else. Cynical interpreters of history over-estimate the intelligence of statesmen. They do not realise that, for statesmen as much as for other people, every war is a war of the light against the darkness, and that the statesman is often emotionally on a level with the schoolboy, who is ready to believe that the enemy is an unnatural mixture of a cowardly sneak and a ruthless monster.

Apart from this, we are bound to hate the spy because we fear him. He is an unknown presence in our midst, knowing our secrets, threatening us with dangers undefined, a hostile spirit who makes an entire country feel as uncanny as a haunted house. It is an extremely unpleasant sensation to feel that you are being watched by somebody who is not watching you for your good. Even if you see the man who is watching you, what a baleful eye he has! I have known young revolutionaries who thoroughly enjoyed being followed and watched by detectives, and who regarded the whole thing as better sport than football. But I confess I never felt this pleasure when I was in their company, and—because of their activities, not of my own—found a sleuth in private clothes watching even our last handshakes at a railway station. I disliked that silent watching eye as a child I knew used to dread the all-seeing Masonic eye in a public-house sign. How much more dreadful is the sense of an unfriendly presence which one knows is somewhere near without knowing exactly where or who it is. As a child I used to hate to see a blind not pulled entirely down at night so as to cover the whole window, for fear lest some awful eye should peer through the chink. It is, I believe, this dread of the mysterious and maleficent eye that largely accounts for our hatred of the spy.

It must be admitted, however, that there is also something superficially dishonest about the spy's trade. He may be dishonest for honest purposes, but, after all, he can often achieve his ends only by playing the part of a friend to those who, if they knew what he really was, would regard him as a loathsome enemy. He goes into a revolutionary movement, for example, endears himself to his fellow-conspirators by his revolutionary ardour, and then betrays them. It is questionable whether the finest type of man could play this double part of saviour of society and Judas. And yet the spy who does so may have great qualities. Even if he takes his job, half in order to make a living and half for the excitement which is a form of sport to him, he must possess a coolness and daring such as belong only to a small minority of men. The great spies, I imagine, however, are inspired by motives far higher than the desire for a livelihood or the love of the chase. They are patriots, some of a lofty type, some of a narrow type, who for the benefit of their country are ready to use any method in order to destroy its evil-minded enemies. To the patriotic spy, the enemies of his country all seem either bad or mad, and he has no scruples about taking the only way to outwit devils or lunatics. The life of his country is at stake, and what does it matter if a few foreigners or revolutionaries have to be sacrificed?

The question has sometimes been raised whether espionage does anybody any good, but I doubt whether, till the world is greatly changed, any government will consent to abandon it. Even the police feel that they cannot do their work efficiently without the help of detectives. Hence they send out policemen disguised in evening dress, to endure all the discomfort of dancing with strange females and drinking champagne in night clubs, as the only means by which night clubs can be persuaded to obey the law. Many people object to the use of these evening-dress policemen, but, so long as the law relating to night clubs remains in force, I cannot see in what other way evidence of breaches of the law can be discovered. In the circumstances these champagne-drinking detectives seem to me to be martyrs to duty, kept toiling in a close and boring atmosphere, toiling and yawning at an hour when they would much rather be in bed. I feel the same about the unfortunate detective whose duty compels him to go and buy a pennyworth of acid drops in a little back-street shop five minutes after the clock has struck the last hour at which the sale of acid drops is legal. He has, I am sure, no passion for acid drops, and probably dislikes D.O.R.A. as honestly as the rest of us; but how else is he to discover whether crime is being committed? The other people who buy acid drops in illegal hours are not going to tell, and the detective has to play the part of a man with the tastes of a sweet-sucking child in order that the social structure may be saved.

After all, there are many people who regard even inspectors as spies. Owners of insanitary workshops, people who are cruel to children or to animals, look on the sudden visit of an inspector as the intrusion of an odious Nosy Parker. It is the watching eye that is hated, even when it is not a secret eye; for the watching eye always seems the eye of an enemy.

That, I think, as I have said, is at least half the secret of our attitude to spying, whether in police work on in international espionage. When the watching eye is an enemy eye, it is baleful and devilish. When it is a friendly eye, however, observant in our own interests and for our safety, we prefer not to talk about it, or even to know much about it, but we are not entirely sorry that it is there. Y. Y.

FATIGUE IN THE MINE

THE other day I found a man in my ward just getting into bed. He had come to have his gall bladder X-rayed. I asked him a few questions, prodded him, felt his pulse. It was unduly rapid. I enquired:

"Anything been worrying you?"

He looked at me rather queerly, then turned away.

"Ar," he said. "I been worried for more than twelve months."

"What about?"

"My job."

"What's your job?"

"Fireman—down the pit."

It was as I had thought. The man was worried, harassed, fatigued—by his job. A few days in bed and a little quiet talk put him more or less right.

Now the job of a fireman in the mine is a most important one. It includes keeping a look out for gas, seeing that the roof, sides, and so on, are safe, the ventilation going on all right. He is responsible for his section—that is, for the direct safety of some sixty or seventy or eighty men and boys, for the indirect safety of everybody working underground. The job calls for constant vigilance. My man, now aged 52, has worked in the mine since he was 13; he has been a fireman for twenty-three years. During those twenty-three years he has worked usually six shifts each week for fifty-one weeks each year. He has had one week's holiday in each fifty-two weeks. Each day he has walked underground some ten miles; and latterly, as he told me again this morning when I went to see him at his home, he has been constantly, and consciously, on the stretch, always wondering apprehensively what was happening at the other end of his beat. It is quite clear that for twelve months he has been an unduly tired man. A tired man, down the mine, is a dangerous man.

Consider. . . The law says that when the percentage of gas reaches $2\frac{1}{2}$, the men in the mine shall be withdrawn. Who decides the percentage? The fireman. How? By means of his safety lamp which develops a glowing cap that changes its size and its shape as the percentage of gas increases. To appreciate the change in the size and the shape mental and physical fitness is necessary. The difference between a "safe" cap and an "unsafe" one is small. To ask a fatigued man to recognise the difference is to ask for trouble.

Fatigue in the mine affects others besides firemen. It takes varying forms. One is known as Miners' Nystagmus. A man with Miners' Nystagmus is an obviously tired man, and he, too, is a dangerous man in a coal mine where alertness at all times is so urgently necessary. For the safety of a miner and his mates depends upon extreme quickness of perception; ability to recognise very small danger signs—the "talking" of timbers, the dropping of little bits from the roof, unusual very slight noises. If these go unnoticed, if no heed is paid to the very little warnings, down comes a bit of roof; there is "a fall" and somebody is injured or killed. Miners' Nystagmus comes on gradually; it often is unnoticed until the man goes to the doctor for something else—perhaps a small injury. Long before the trouble is at all marked the man feels unfit; he is, in fact, fatigued.

We hear from time to time that a miner has got into serious trouble for taking cigarettes or matches or both into a mine. Quite right, too. How often do we hear of anyone getting into serious trouble for taking a tired miner into a mine? A tired fireman—whose title should be "safety man"—is infinitely more dangerous, down the mine, than a dozen boxes of matches. The slightest loss of quick perception, due to fatigue, may at any moment endanger the lives of everybody working in the pit.

How many mining accidents are due directly to fatigue? Nobody knows. But a good many of us do know this—that one week's holiday in each year is not nearly enough for a man doing a very anxious and responsible job underground. Some of us have said so. With what result?

There is my fireman. For twelve months he has been not really fit, and nobody has troubled to discover why. If it had not been for a chance question or two, the accident of a temporarily rapid pulse, nobody would have discovered yet. For his trouble had been diagnosed as "liver," and it was for "liver" that he was sent into hospital. And all the time he was suffering from unrecognised fatigue; all the time he had been a potential source of danger.

Why doesn't the law insist that all men holding responsible jobs in a mine shall have, say, one week's holiday—with pay—in each three months? Why doesn't the law insist on every fireman being overhauled, mentally as well as physically, at comparatively short intervals? The men will not go voluntarily for examination, for fear of losing their jobs. They will not ask for frequent holidays because of the same fear. They know, only too well, that a self-chosen holiday is likely to end in "play," which is something quite different from what is usually associated with playing fields.

Industrial fatigue—which is something different from the sort of tiredness that will be put right by a night's sleep—is something very real; but it is not generally recognised as an industrial disease meriting compensation. Yet at times it is—or should be—completely disabling. Practical miners know this, but they don't often say so. They know that there is always somebody ready to take over their job.

A DOCTOR

Correspondence

POLICE POWERS

SIR,—Now that the Disaffection Bill will soon become law it is more necessary than ever to resist any further attacks on freedom of speech, movement and assembly. Consider the following case:—

On Sunday, October 21st, 1934, a widely advertised anti-Fascist procession, supported by members of Trade Unions, Co-operative and University movements, was to march through Liverpool streets to a mass anti-Fascist demonstration. It was banned by the Chief Constable, and smashed up by the police, many people, including girls, being injured.

Also on Sunday, October 21st, a Fascist meeting in Liverpool was held. It was heavily guarded by police. Fascists were allowed to march singing in procession through the streets, escorted by police who did everything possible to facilitate their progress and convenience. Far from Fascists being bashed over the head by the police (as the workers were) they were protected. One Fascist after being allowed to shout curses on Jews and Socialists to a crowd which he himself admitted was not hostile, was taken into what amounts to protective arrest for his own safety. The nominal charge was of his being drunk and disorderly. Yet he was found by the police surgeon to be "absolutely sober," and subsequently discharged. (See *Liverpool Daily Post*, November 2nd, 1934.)

It is unnecessary to overstress the obvious lesson of the above, especially in view of the events in pre-Hitler Germany when working-class meetings were either banned or destroyed, whilst those of the Nazis were permitted and protected, sometimes by the entire city police forces. What interests me in the above is whether the Liverpool Chief Constable has any warrant in law for banning and then destroying a procession and proposed demonstration? I cannot find any, and I should like to know if anybody can.

According to *Stone's Justices Manual* a procession through the streets of a town is not rendered unlawful even if previously banned by a magistrate, and even if those participating know that hostile opposition is likely to be raised against it. A case quoted

by C. H. S. Fifoot in his series *The Law of the Land*, in the *Listener*, November 2nd, 1932, seems to have a special bearing on the Liverpool case described above. I paraphrase Mr. Fifoot's example :—

In Weston-super-Mare in 1882 there existed a section of the Salvation Army whose zeal was such as to arouse the hostile opposition of a band of persons who formed what they called the "Skeleton Army." Whenever the Salvation Army paraded, the Skeletons did the same, to the terror of all neutrals. The local magistrates therefore banned any further Salvation Army meetings. *In defiance of the ban*, the Salvationists paraded as usual and were attacked by the Skeletons. Police ordered the Salvationists to disperse. They refused, and their leaders were arrested and convicted by the magistrates. *The Divisional Court in London however held that the conviction was illegal and that the Salvationists had done nothing wrong, for they had the ordinary right of all British subjects to walk in the streets. They had used no force : it was the Skeletons whose conduct had caused the disturbance. If, then, there was nothing illegal in the Salvationists' parade, neither the improper conduct of other people nor the order of any magistrate could make it an offence.*

Suffice it to say that this case provides an almost exact parallel to the Liverpool case where the members of the destroyed procession were peaceable and orderly, having been repeatedly exhorted to avoid all provocation and disorder—an order which they strictly obeyed even under the intense police provocation and subsequent police conduct. Suffice it also to state that Liverpool Orangemen have always been allowed to hold their processions although they have often led to disorder and bloodshed, and are known *always* to be certain to provoke hostile Roman Catholic opposition.

It would appear to a layman that the prevention of this orderly working class procession and meeting by the Liverpool Chief Constable, was unwarrantable in law. An authoritative ruling on this matter by a member of the legal profession would be welcomed with a view to settling definitely this vexed question of freedom of assembly, movement and speech.

KENNETH BRADSHAW

PROVOCATION IN SPAIN

SIR,—Having only returned a few weeks ago from Spain, I have since read with a certain perturbation the accounts given and the attitude taken by the press here towards the General Strike over there. I was staying for six weeks with residents and met both Right and Left wing supporters, and what struck me most forcibly was the way in which the supporters of the Right openly boasted and declared that once the Cortes met in October a Government further to the Right would be formed, the municipal offices would be changed, "arranged" elections would take place, and a completely Right majority obtained. After this—I quote them still—it would be a case of a few weeks before a dictatorship was proclaimed—Señor Gil Robles was named—and the forces of reaction in complete control. The programme with Señor Gil Robles as the next Prime Minister is well on its way. To an unbiased onlooker the General Strike was no "Red Revolution," but an honest attempt to prevent the threatened Fascist regime, and it seems illogical that our moderate Conservative press, which looks with dubiety upon Nazism in Germany, should acclaim it with joy in Spain.

I travelled from Madrid to Paris in the midst of the strike and met with courtesy and consideration everywhere. Strikers themselves carried my bags from the hotel to the station through a city bristling with armoured cars, machine-guns and soldiers. Every station platform we passed was defended by soldiers and civil guards in overwhelming numbers, and nothing happened. But the amount of ostentatious provocation by the forces of "law and order" was inevitably doomed to lead to a clash, and to those in office who might have averted it is due the responsibility of the casualties which followed.

CECILIA NORTHCOTE

23 Royal Avenue,
S.W.3.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Robson's article on the Public Trustee in your issue of October 27th; but whilst he has stated the case for the Public Trustee with admirable clarity and completeness, he has mis-stated the case for the banks and insurance companies with almost equal ingenuity.

The banks are not in the business for the sake of their health, as Mr. Robson correctly points out, but he omits to mention that their aim in undertaking executor and trustee business is not direct, but indirect, profit. It is a service offered to customers at approximately cost price, and the banks' net remuneration is largely in the form of a continuance of old, and the acquisition of new, business. Mr. Robson's common sense should here have warned him against making the unwarrantable insinuation that there is a tendency in the banks to give trustee cases peremptory and cursory attention. If that were so, Bank Trustee Departments would be a source of losing business rather than of gaining it, and they would have been discontinued long ago. Further comment seems to be unnecessary.

Mr. Robson remarks that "the banks can have secured only a small amount of business compared with the volume handled by the Public Trustee," but where he gets his information from I cannot imagine. In fact, on the basis of the figure he gives of 18,500 running trusts with the Public Trustee, I understand that the big five banks are at present administering as much, if not more, trustee business than the Public Trustee. It is a service which has received the praise of numerous customers, and the rapid growth of Bank Trustee Departments during the last few years is a frequent source of comment in the banks themselves. This quick expansion is yet another testimony to the efficiency of their work.

Mr. Robson remarks that "in the administration of wills and settlements the crux of the matter lies in the financial and economic policy pursued by those in charge of the property." He commences by pouring scorn upon the "pundits in the City," and then attempts to gain our respect for the Public Trustee's Investment Advisory Committee by telling us that it is leavened by a City element. Mr. Robson really cannot have it both ways, and in any case few people will surely feel that their financial affairs are better handled by "official administration leavened with a City element" than by bankers and stockbrokers whose primary business is finance. It is not Mr. Robson's opinions to which I object, but his unsound reasoning and obvious inconsistency.

One final point in favour of Bank Trustee Departments is the greater continuity and personal contact which they can provide. In most cases, the customer concerned is well known at one of the Bank's branches, and branch managers are able to afford much valuable assistance in the administration by their intimate knowledge of his financial affairs and, very often also, of the personal "make-up" of the interested parties. This helps the Banks to assume one of the virtues of the old private trustees to which the Public Trustee can never aspire.

R. C. BATTAMS

8 Chesterfield Road,
Chiswick, W.4.

AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN

SIR,—May I be permitted to touch on a possible development in Anglo-Japanese relations, suggested by the highly stimulating article on "Economic Imperialism," in your issue of October 27. It is not, I think, entirely without interest. As was suggested, the object of the F.B.I. mission to Japan is painfully evident, and no less sinister for being pursued in so open a manner.

The relations of Britain with Japan have always been something of a paradox, and never more, perhaps, than where they touched Australia. We Australians have been brought up on the so-called "White Australia Policy," which is preached throughout the continent as the doctrine of salvation, with a fanaticism that must at times seem strange to the foreigner. It has been our one unchanging political creed, and has, in fact, ceased to be spoken of as a movement of economic necessity, being now hailed as an indispensable prerequisite to our very existence, and indeed, having achieved a sort of mystic status, bordering on fetishism. Now, although this doctrine originated as something in the nature of a crusade against the importation of Kanakas to work on the sugar plantations, it developed into a furious anti-Japanese onslaught, the more violent because it was dictated by fear. Fear on the part of the capitalists lest they should be undercut behind the security of their protective wall, fear on the part of organised labour lest it should be forced off the market by wage-earners with a lower standard of living.

To these two primary fears, the ruling classes added in the fulness of time, others; fear of racial pollution, fear of lowering the general economic level of society, fear of the invasion and appropriation of our vast northern spaces which we cannot use ourselves, and later, fear of an unnamed, undefined, but none the less terrifying "yellow peril." During most of the time that this doctrine was crystallising, Britain was an ally of Japan.

Officially, so was Australia, but naturally, cases are not wanting of grave embarrassment being caused to English statesmen by anti-Japanese zeal in Australia. When Dominion entrepreneurs come up against their English rivals they are just as self-interested as if foreigners were concerned. The English capitalist calls this "Burdens of Empire." When Japan sought fresh conquests in Manchuria, the "White Australians" made no secret of their joy and relief, and it is now conceivable that they may turn and aid their former enemy, not in obedience to the Imperial command, but because they may see, in helping Britain and Japan with their "development" in Manchukuo, a chance of diverting from themselves the peril which they fear, and which, though exaggerated, is no mere bogy. It may thus happen that a doctrine which has for forty years been a corner-stone of Australian foreign policy will be reversed, because the need of it will be no longer there. If Australian entrepreneurs trail along in the wake of their English masters, and offer Japan aid in Manchuria, it may no longer be necessary to bellow out so loud about the danger of Japanese invasion, and perhaps we may yet see the day when the White Australia policy will be booed by the mob.

There is a savage irony in the cynical manipulation of creeds, treaties and doctrines by the capitalist class, to suit the monetary whim of the moment. Even if what I have suggested does not come about (and it may not, because Australia is now populated by two generations who have never known any other viewpoint) it is an indication of the sort of unscrupulous juggling with "sacred" and "fundamental" policies we can expect so long as the present system renders inevitable the growth of rabid autarchies.

G. CAMPBELL MCINNES

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—I have been pleased that, under the above heading, you have given some prominence to the rapidly increasing work of the Municipal Hospitals. For some years now it has seemed that the Press as a whole have purposely ignored their growth.

Of the illogicality of much of our Voluntary Hospital system there can be no doubt, of the vested interest involved little is at present appreciated. "Voluntary" is a misnomer, and a leading Birmingham surgeon stated this publicly recently when asserting that such hospitals are for the treatment of subscribers.

Conditions of the Nursing Profession are sufficiently poor in most hospitals, but in nursing homes, especially in many of the more exclusive of West End ones, they are absurd. Hours of duty, accommodation and pay are illustrative of competitive industry at its worst when compared with surgeons' fees received from patients in the same institutions.

The Municipal Hospital has a great future and is now the mainstay of the treatment for the sick poor of many large towns. Much more care and forethought, however, will have to be employed in the evolution of this system if the best results are to be obtained, and if the better points in the voluntary system are to be utilised. There is at present a tendency to attempt to evolve a tremendous emporium for the treatment of the acute sick under the same administrative system as served the workhouse.

Bureaucratic centralisation working through supposedly omniscient superintendents cannot hope satisfactorily to employ an energetic and capable staff whose ideas and opinions are never canvassed. Devolution of responsibility and a more democratic approach to internal management will have to be considered seriously if these services hope to retain the enthusiasm and interest of many of their staff.

The hostility to the development of municipal medicine by consultants, and many speeches of recent years have testified to the knowledge of the increasing efficiency and utility of what can become, if wisely handled, the spearhead of beneficent State service.

H. JOULES

132 Alcester Road South,
Birmingham.

REFUGEE STUDENTS

SIR,—One thousand seven hundred students have been forced to give up their studies and leave Germany. This is not on account of any crime, but because of their racial origin or political opinions. These students are now refugees without a home and without prospects unless they can finish their training.

International Student Service is in touch with 1,594 of these students in half of the countries of the world. I.S.S. is helping them with advice and money to obtain the training they must have if they are to lead lives of constructive purpose.

We, the undersigned, recognise the value and urgency of this work, we have ourselves subscribed to it, and we would ask your readers to subscribe in accordance with their means. Donations should be sent to the Treasurer, Professor Ernest Barker, at International Student Service, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

WILLIAM EBOR
CECIL
CH. WEIZMANN

G.B.S. AND WILLIAM MORRIS

SIR,—If it is not presumptuous to question the dictum of a prophet and teacher of the intellectual standing of Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose writings, moreover, always afford one delight—if occasionally blended with exasperation—I should like to call in question the truth of the impression he creates when he says: "Morris's significant speciality was his freely expressed opinion that idle capitalists are damned thieves. And the word damned was more than decorative. One misses that note in Clissold; yet it is the keynote of Socialism."

To many people the keynote of Morris's Socialism—averse as he was to all unnecessary violence and cruelty—would appear to be more akin to that professed by H. G. Wells than to Stalin's "painful process," and as for the "decorative damned," when, as related by J. Bruce Glasier, Morris at a public meeting in Glasgow was asked if he believed in Marx's theory of value he replied: "To speak quite frankly I do not know what Marx's theory of value is, and I'm damned if I want to know." He also told Bruce Glasier himself that he had "often tried to read the old German Israelite, but he had never been able to make head or tail of his algebraics." All of which would seem to show that Marxphobia was as significant a speciality of Morris as of Wells.

All the same we feel certain G.B.S. will also be included in any enlightened Hagiography of the future.

BEATRICE O'CONOR

G.K.C. AND RUSSIA

SIR,—I much regret having to snow-cap what was undoubtedly the imaginative peak of Mr. Shaw's article last week, but I think his error is one of which Mr. Shaw will be glad to learn.

As reproduced in *The Listener*, Mr. Chesterton's talk ended as follows:—

> What was lost in the eighteenth century was the notion of small property normally distributed; and Burke had even less notion of it than Fox. To-day, it is the only alternative to Bolshevism or unlimited sweating.

Far from equating Bolshevism and "unlimited sweating," Mr. Chesterton appears to juxtapose them.

JOHN R. HEWITT

STALIN AND WELLS

SIR,—

"Mr. Stalin," said H.G.,
"I want to make you see
That it's only the beautiful and true
Can pull humanity through."

Stalin
Answered: "Darlin',
It's plain that politics
Are not your bag of tricks."

H.G. retorted: "Class war
Is to my mind such a bore.
Now in science
I place much more reliance."

Stalin soliloquised: "It looks
As if that man better stick to books.
He has such an extremely rum
Idea of the shape of things to come."

GEOFFREY GORER

CHILD GUIDANCE

SIR,—I think it may interest your readers to know that a new Child Guidance Clinic has recently been opened in London to serve the Boroughs of Finchley, Hampstead, Hendon and Willesden. The Clinic is working in temporary premises at 32 Lichfield Road, N.W.2 (telephone No. Gladstone 3727), and anyone who desires a consultation in respect of a child showing behaviour problems or nervous symptoms will receive an early appointment on application to the Secretary.

The Clinic is still in need of annual subscriptions and donations towards the equipping of permanent premises. Full particulars of the Clinic's needs and objects will be supplied by the Secretary.

North-Western Child Guidance Clinic,
32 Lichfield Road, N.W.2.

D. H. ARCHIBALD,
Hon. Secretary

MATERNAL MORTALITY

SIR,—Your correspondent, Janet Chance, does not apparently realise the constitution of the Maternal Mortality Committee, of which I am Honorary Secretary. The Committee was founded seven years ago with the support and encouragement of succeeding Ministers of Health to rouse and educate public opinion on the above subject. It was agreed that the Committee should be formed, irrespective of all political parties, and was to be non-sectarian and non-partisan. We believed, and believe, that our object would best be achieved by a united front.

The views of our Committee on the question of Birth Control, which is raised by your correspondent, differ. They feel that there is a Society advocating Birth Control to which anyone who likes can belong (and to which some of our members do belong). The Maternal Mortality Committee wish to concentrate on the subject on which complete agreement is possible—the development of the maternity services which can be provided by all local authorities under the Maternity and Child Welfare Act, and a wider provision of first-rate medical and midwifery services ensuring to the mother every possible care and attention at the time of childbirth, including ante-natal and post-natal advice.

GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL

WOMEN HOSTAGES

SIR,—As a result of reports in the London press that Frau Worth, who was held in preventive custody as a hostage for her husband, the former Socialist Mayor of Langewiesen in Thuringia, had hanged herself in her cell on October 2nd, a delegation was sent by this Committee to investigate the condition of women hostages in Germany. The position of these women, who have no hope of release or of trial, and whose friends and relatives are not allowed to see them, is extremely grave. Many are still imprisoned, and in certain instances treated with brutality, solely on account of the politics, race or pacifist beliefs of their husbands. The delegation, which consisted of Mrs. S. J. Cooper, J.P., Miss Monica Whately and Mrs. Pierce Jones, M.A., will give a full report of its investigations at the meeting against War and Fascism, to be held in the Playhouse Theatre, Charing Cross, on Armistice Night, at 7.30 p.m. Among the speakers will be Madame Duchene, a prominent French pacifist and feminist.

British Section of Women's World Committee Against War and Fascism,
1 Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

ALICE CAMPBELL,
On behalf of the Committee

Miscellany

BITS OF LONDON

CANDLESTICKMAKER STREET

TRAVELLING down Candlestickmaker Street on the pawkiest of buses, the very last line in London to wear a top hat, I feel some satisfaction, as a Britisher, in noticing how my street-company grows daily more select. The inhabitants of the exalted flats which soar above Candlestickmaker Street are marvellously smart, with their green caps set at an angle above silky waved locks and chalky faces with high-arched pencilled brows: sylphs for whom blossom the expensive gladioli in Candlestickmaker windows (not in florists' but in Academies of Floral Art) and for whom the expensive chocolates are filled by dowdier girls with nutty and scented creams of the latest shapes and shades. There are gowns for sylphs in other windows; and lower down the street there are curious little outcrops of bric-à-brac. Do the elegant young women buy the imitation Chinese gods, I wonder, or the crudely designed "nursery" calendars and the world-famous, unique anti-cancer bust-supporters, which are advertised by wax models simply dressed in enchanted brassières? I never see a sylph so much as push the glittering doors. Yet the junk-shops persist while the salons for Paris models are constantly changing their names—and perhaps their owners. Can this vapid array of pottery and bangles mask some trade against which I ought to stop my British nose? Shades of Sherlock Holmes! The more crowded the window with ugly and useless objects the viler the depravity within! As for the Paris salons, no doubt they are run by titled ladies who quickly get bored and desert millinery for hashish.

YARNWORTH'S

The housewife's toys and tools; bulbs and paints; alluring sticky sweets and drinks are set out along the counters. Anxious automata watch the trays for stealing, unlike the individualists of Eastern bazaars who enjoy the leisurely process of selling. Gadgets for wireless sets, for bicycles, for bathrooms, every small item is displayed in shining series newly minted from the factory. Proud families are making their Saturday expeditions.

Now I see Yarnworth's through the sad eyes of a Jewish painter: the cruel glitter, the literal-minded preoccupation with Things: the fear of losing them, the fear of choosing a wrong one, in a world so full of people, a world in which nothing is clear except the need to get money, to keep money, to spend money safely. Here in Yarnworth's is vitality sharpened by fear.

Other painters show a different side of our octopus world: the mockery of cleverness in the tentacles when the core of the beast is self-consciousness and self-mistrust. The dance of the tentacles is already a dance of death. So I go back to Yarnworth's, where the common people are unaware of themselves.

OLGA MARTIN

"THEY MADE HIM HAPPY"

MY FRIEND THE S.S. MAN

THEY have made him happy. Of that I have no doubt whatever, knowing him as I have since he was the youngest of the lot, trailing out of a Jugendherberge behind the others with a flag. Meeting him again I find that they have made all his dreams come true: they have made him successful, and he is happier than he ever hoped.

Their promises have been like currency cheques for an amount of money at an exceptional rate of exchange. Though thrifty by nature, he has spent them day by day. Was it not advertised that any hoarding of such cheques was not only invalid but a criminal action by a citizen of the State? He has indeed been doing his duty in cashing these riches, this exactly calculated amount of money which they have rationed out when people scrabbled for the right to survive.

Happiness is a question of responsibility. They have always sought consciousness, an absolute expression of a much formulated philosophy. They have desired consciousness and therefore responsibility.

Their young have been taught to believe in bogys: first the bogys who sat at Versailles, those great victorious spiders who spun a web of conquest over the fatherland, who twisted and knotted the vitality and the future of the country with arbitrary and subtle threads. There must always, therefore, be a consciousness of the web, forces working to break it thread by thread.

At home the bogys are sitting on the hearth, squatting in the streets, and smiling in the shop windows. The malevolent dark people who keep the money and run the banks, who encourage the big spiders outside, who fraternise with the red jolly bogys within who nudge the workers, the starved people, reminding them that rights are more important than promises. At home the young have been taught to dread these bogys. There could be only one remedy: force. "Blood shall flow on the day of reckoning, our blood or yours."

So they have had bad dreams.

These have been overcome by exercise, by training, borrowing of old swords and dressing up for parades. Every bad dream has been put to good account. Standing together on a parade ground after these separate nightmares the young have found their comrades dressed in similar clothes, professing each a similar outlook. With courage in numbers has grown individual belief: with belief, the desire for action.

Then happiness: the blowing of bugles and the first parade in earnest. Marching in the dark streets when their Leader was proclaimed, they chased the bogys to death and sang a song they had kept ready for years.

> Blut, blut, blut!
> Blut soll fliessen.
> Knapp! Wir fangen an.
> Wir schiessen auf der Freiheit
> der Juden-Republick!

My friend sings it again now, marching through Bavarian woods from the Kameradschafthaus toward the high ridges. "We used to sing it in the streets at the beginning, just before our Leader came into power. Now we have no need. We are in control . . . ."

They have played at soldiers and won a victory: it is true that the losers offered little resistance.

They made a clean sweep.

What could be a greater happiness to the young who were shown this as their only way to happiness, their only chance of survival ever since they were aware what it meant either to survive or to go under!

My friend is happy. He is under marching orders to heaven: and they all seem rather like prefects at a bad school in the bad old days with their Kameradschaft. For the moment, this summer, the Leader has given them a half-holiday. But the happy time has got to be maintained. Kameradschaft has got to last.

There was a bloodthirsty house-match recently and there was the unsuccessful affair when a neighbouring bully was shot.

Responsibility is worth fighting for: it is no good playing at it. I ask my friend about the future. He is full of assurance and has lost his nightmarish dread. Yet I think he finds the broad daylight gradually trying to the eyes.

JOHN PUDNEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

New R.I.B.A. Building

We live in an architectural interregnum: one architectural tradition is dead, and indeed putrefying, while its successor is still embryonic. In these circumstances the new headquarters of the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place is as successful a building as one can hope for. The design was chosen, and well chosen, in an open competition: Mr. Wornum has the important architectural gift of conceiving buildings in three dimensions. His plan is original, extremely ingenious, and exactly adapted to the purposes of the Institute. Almost all the rooms give directly on to the central staircase, and variations in the height of the rooms, appropriate to their size and purpose, are combined with symmetrical facades by remarkable virtuosity. Mr. Wornum has himself been wisely restrained in designing ornament, but he has encouraged or at least allowed the disfigurement of his building externally and internally by cartloads of sculpture. The gargantuan candles supporting figures on each side of the entrance are the worst features because the most conspicuous. Mr. Bainbridge Copnall and Mr. James Woodford are young men, it seems, and perhaps their talents will eventually flower. But with the best will in the world it is very difficult to find anything polite to say about their sculpture in this building. The stylisation they use does not make their work any more vital than the naturalistic productions of Edwardian R.A.s. And the use of such insignificant sculpture in the official home of English architects is symptomatic. The best known architects in this country always appear out of touch with the finest work now being done in the sister arts of painting and sculpture. The best interior in this building is the Library; it is admirably adapted to its function, and quite free of *chichi*. The designs incised on glass are also commendably simple. Most of the decoration is sober, panels of rare woods, panels of goat-skin, upholstery in various shades of brown, appropriate no doubt to an official building. Fine workmanship, "safe" taste (except in the sculpture)—no doubt it would be foolish to expect more. And yet, what an opportunity has been missed. For there are decorative painters and sculptors in England who could have lifted this prosperous and slightly pompous interior into true magnificence.

"Youth at the Helm"

Satirical farce is a genre to which the English have not in the past taken kindly. Regretfully one remembered *Beggar on Horseback*, and wondered at the foolhardiness of the Westminster Repertory Theatre in presenting Paul Vulpill's play from Vienna, adapted so intelligently by Mr. Hubert Griffith. For this is laughter with an acrid tang of criticism behind it, and there are moments when your smile wavers and feels mechanical. Fortunately the moments do not last, the nonsense reverts to its brisk gallop again, and you leave the theatre wondering not at the Westminster Repertory, but whether a fortnight can possibly be long enough for so gorgeous a lark.

The root idea is as simple as it is original. The modern big business has no memory but its files, and its chiefs have learnt to accept much on trust. If a presentable but penniless young man were to invade a big bank, appropriate a desk, be vaguely recognised by the chairman, and talk with authority about a big business deal which did not in fact exist, how far could he go? Randolph Warrender goes very far indeed, dragging after him the Board of Trade, another big bank and the chairman's daughter. Nobody knows quite what the young man is talking about, and nobody dares admit it. Internal jealousies stimulate wilder bluffing on everybody's part, until there are three or four great financiers prepared to swear that they alone were the originators of the "Kubinsky Scheme." A new company is formed, a derelict tile-and-cement works at Walton-on-the-Naze is set going again, and Warrender is made managing director. It is all delightful fooling and, except at the climax, where a board meeting is supposed to be swept off its feet by the young man's singularly unconvincing rhetoric, oddly probable. Mr. Jack Melford's reputation as a farceur needs no new tribute, but in this play he shows a vigorous intelligence of attack with a hint of "straight" playing at intervals which is brilliantly effective. He has a perfect foil in Mr. David Bird, as a simple slave-soul who forms a worried chorus to the young man's irresistible logic. Mr. O. B. Clarence and Mr. Alastair Sim provide the gullible bankers with strange verisimilitude and Miss Vera Lennox supplies the charming norm in a lunatic world as a secretary.

"Sweet Aloes"

It is a sad business at Wyndham's, though I believe that the box office there is already wreathed in anticipatory smiles. The rather depressing mystery is that apparently sophisticated playgoers need only the most perfunctory of up-to-date "dressings" in order to accept avidly a story which differs from the typical servant-girl's feuilleton only in that it is less robust.

Sweet Aloes is the story of a Girl Who Loved—and Paid. Belinda Warren and the Hon. Robert Melford forget themselves together one June night under the dark canopy of heaven. Melford's father, Lord Farrington, on learning that the indiscretion is likely to result in a major inconvenience to Belinda, perceives an opportunity for providing his son's barren wife with an heir to title and fortune, and a deal is arranged. Some years later, Belinda, happily married in New York, pines for the child she has relinquished, but on coming beneath the high-powered charm of its foster-mother, is reconciled to her not entirely squalid lot as a potential mother of more legitimate progeny. Mr. Frank Allenby, whose job it is to keep the piece in some shape as an understanding friend of the heroine, works heroically, relying on the pseudo-Freudian maxim—"When in doubt, have it out," or "Count your curses, count them one by one." Miss Diana Wynyard is thus given more opportunities for explaining herself than are good for most young actresses in one evening. She uses what emotional moments occur with delicacy and restraint, but it will be a thousand pities if the fashionably nonchalant whine into which she lapses on occasions becomes a habit.

Quartet

Described as "A Play in Four Movements," *Quartet*, performed at the Arts Theatre Club last Sunday, tells a story of

jealousy, ambition and frustrated genius. Melchior, the First Violin, played by Mr. George Hayes, is an inferior artist who resents the aesthetic predominance of his Second Violin (Mr. John Gattrel). In the last scene of this intelligent but somewhat uneven drama, Melchior smashes the treasured instrument round which David's life is focussed. The part gives Mr. Hayes an opportunity of which he makes characteristic use; his performance is brilliant but, one feels, not very helpful to the other members of the cast. Which is a pity; for Mr. Hilary Pritchard is able and entertaining as the one prosaic member of the quartet. The play has been very capably produced by Mr. George More O'Ferrall.

The New Clair Film

M. Clair's new film is a disappointment. *Le Dernier Milliardaire* is not, as we might expect, the repetition of an earlier success; no, he has chosen a new subject and treated it in a new way, and the result is poor. The scene is Casanario, a Monte Carlo in the slump, which can only be saved by the intervention of its one millionaire, who lives abroad; he must come home and marry the Queen's granddaughter. This seems promising, and within the first few minutes M. Clair has put the humours of big business, a Ruritanian court, local politics and the tourist traffic in amusing juxtaposition. There are some brilliant tableaux of Casanarians weathering the slump; reduced to a system of barter, they exchange carrots for newspapers, and gamble in the casino with slippers and tea-sets. A man pays for his drinks at a café with a struggling hen, which he produces from a large bag; the waiter brings him his change—two chicks and an egg; and the egg is pushed back as a tip. That particular moment is funnier than anything in his earlier films. But then, unaccountably, the film tails off; the effective touches of satire grow rare, the same jokes are repeated, the National Anthem is played *ad nauseam*, speech after speech is hurled at the populace—and we begin to yawn. What has happened to M. Clair? Why does he let his fantasy degenerate into farce, his satire into a mere horse-play with ideas? For the effect of long stretches in this film is of some farcical opera from which the music has been taken away, so that we are left only with the shuffling performers. *Le Dernier Milliardaire* suggests that Clair has been studying the Marx Brothers, and has tried to adapt their lunatic tricks to his own, very different, fantasy. He uses all his old actors (except Annabella), but they are never given a chance. Despite the brilliance of many episodes, this film is sometimes dull and sometimes stupid.

The Cat's Paw

Mr. Harold Lloyd has hitherto combined the qualities of a great comic actor with that of an inspired acrobat: in *The Cat's Paw* he has given up his gymnastic feats, and his art as a comedian gains in consequence. The son of a missionary in China returns to his father's home town and is put up as a hopeless candidate on the purity ticket, by the local racketeers. An escapade brings him popularity and leads to his election, and he introduces Chinese methods in dealing with the local bandits. The film is not only great fun but is interesting evidence of the new lack of complacency with corruption and racketeering in America.

We Live Again

We Live Again, now showing at the London Pavilion, is the second attempt to film Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. The picture resolves itself into a contest between Mamoulian, its brilliant director, and Frederic March, its somewhat inappropriately chosen juvenile lead. Mamoulian tries his hardest to reproduce the atmosphere of Holy Russia, of life on a big feudal estate; while the accent and mannerisms of Mr. Frederic March are perpetually reminding us that we have got no further than a Hollywood studio. It seems tragic that such exquisite photography should have been thrown away to so very little purpose. Many of the sequences are remarkably beautiful; yet the impression made by the film is uncommonly dull. The many admirers of that enchanting actress, Miss Anna Sten, will enjoy seeing her in her new role as a guileless peasant-girl.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 9th—
- Lord Mayor's Show, London.
- "Pacific," A Production by the Experimental Theatre, 59, Finchley Road, 8.
- "The Rising Sun," Tavistock Little Theatre, Tavistock Place.
- Prof. Laski on "Law and Justice in the Social Union," Conway Hall, 8.15.
- Gigli and Guila Bustabo, Albert Hall, 8.15.
- Dr. M. D. Eder on "Social Revolution," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, November 10th—
- Junior Academy Cinema, "That Exam," 165, Oxford Street, 10 and 11.30.
- League of Arts Choir, conducted by Dr. Geoffrey Shaw, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Mark Hambourg, Aeolian Hall, 3.15.

SUNDAY, November 11th—
- J. McCabe on "This Tide in Men's Affairs," Conway Hall, 11.
- Backhaus, Palladium, 3.15.
- The Grinke Trio, Maurice Hall, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Meeting Against War and Fascism. Speeches by J. B. Priestley, Miss Margery Fry and others, Playhouse Theatre, 7.30.
- Miss P. Lockhart on "A Socialist Looks at Local Government." Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, N.W., 7.30.
- John Skeaping on "Concerning Art," Meg's Café, 1 Parton Street, Red Lion Square, 8.

MONDAY, November 12th—
- Courtauld-Sargent Concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Nov. 13th.

TUESDAY, November 13th—
- J. Merle Davis on "Industrialism and the Primitive African," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Mr. Gladstone Murray on "The Future of Broadcasting," Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
- Mrs. D. Russell on "Women and Sex Equality," Conway Hall, 7.
- Prof. H. A. R. Gibb on "Mahometanism," Morley College, 8.

WEDNESDAY, November 14th—
- "Hamlet," New Theatre.

THURSDAY, November 15th—
- The Bishop of Birmingham on "Religion and Science," St. Edmunds', Lombard Street, 1.10.
- Prof. G. P. Gooch on "Democracy and Dictatorship," 29, Gordon Square, 6.
- N. A. Holdaway on "What's Wrong with Marxism?" Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 8.
- Sir Stafford Cripps on "Liberty and the Planned State," Friends House, Euston Road, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been re-reading *Reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Andreev*, by Maxim Gorky (Hogarth Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*), which have just been republished collected into one volume—sweet briar petals pressed in the pages of a book that are still fragrant of the summer of 1900. I use this simile deliberately; it expresses Gorky's sensitiveness to the characters of his friends who are called up so vividly that one has to remind oneself that they belong to a vanished age and an extinct civilisation. Sitting on the terrace after lunch, Tolstoy said:

> The peasant is stronger than we; he is more tenacious of life, and there may happen to us what happened to the tribe of Atzurs, of whom it was reported to a scholar: "All the Atzurs have died out, but there is a parrot here who knows a few words of their language."

The *Krestyanin*, as the peasant called himself, was not so tenacious as Tolstoy supposed and now that he is being exterminated (voluntarily, according to Mr. Shaw!), there are few to raise their voices to mourn his disappearance. All the reformers and persecutors are at one in agreeing that the peasant must be harried, destroyed, liquidated. Otherwise, their great plans will come to nothing. Yet peasants are the only Russians I have wholeheartedly loved and felt at home with. They were so gay, merry and warm-hearted. They worked prodigiously and their way of life seemed very good when I was a boy of twelve. Perhaps somewhere, hidden in far northern forests, or out on the Tundras, there are a few salty peasants left, working for themselves, eating their own grain, wearing *lapti*, crossing themselves three times before they sit down and unhook the wooden spoon hanging from the string round their waists. I hope a few exist unknown to Marxists, collectives, tractors, tax-gatherers and towns-people. But I digress. Gorky has preserved the language of the Atzurs, but he is by no means only a parrot, since his comments are often as revealing as his records of his friends' actual words. How clever is this of Tolstoy:

> With God he has very suspicious relations; they sometimes remind me of the relation of two bears in one den.

* * *

Here is a passage from Gorky's recollections of Tchehov:

> He did not like conversations about deep questions, conversations with which our dear Russians so assiduously comfort themselves, forgetting that it is ridiculous, and not at all amusing, to argue about velvet costumes in the future when in the present one has not even a decent pair of trousers.

There is a familiar ring about this, and putting down Gorky I pick up Volume 2 of *The Autobiography of H. G. Wells* (Gollancz and The Cresset Press, 10*s.* 6*d.*), and turn to the description of an argument which took place this summer with Gorky about birth-control. Gorky, it appears, is all for a population of four hundred or five hundred millions. When Wells asked how they were to be fed, Gorky answered that the Soviet men of science would solve that problem.

> In Gorky's study was a great book of plans which he thrust upon me. They were the plans of an almost incredibly splendid palace of biological science. . . . It outdid the boldest buildings of the Tsardom. Five hundred (or was it a thousand?) research students from abroad were always to be working there. Among other activities. Where *is* this? I asked. He produced a map of Moscow and indicated the exact spot. I said I would like to go and see it. But, he smiled, it was not yet completed for me to go and see. I had a flash of understanding. I would like to go and see the foundations. But they have not yet begun the foundations! You shall see it, said Gorky, when you come again. It is only one of a group of vast research and educational establishments we are making. You need have no anxiety about the quality of scientific work in Soviet Russia, or of its capacity to meet whatever calls are made upon it. In view of these plans!

The great bell of Moscow stands, or used to stand, under the tower of Ivan Veliki in the centre of the Kremlin. It is gigantic, the largest bell in the world with a huge chunk that was knocked out of its bronze side. It weighs 198 tons, came cracked out of the foundry and was never hung. It used to be one of the sights of Moscow and the Russians were naturally extremely proud of this truer symbol of their country than a double-headed eagle or sickle and hammer.

* * *

Those of us who regard "public property with deliberately enforced equal distribution" (*vide* last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION) as the velvet costume of the future with which Mr. Shaw comforts himself, will find the end of Mr. Wells's autobiography profoundly depressing. He visited Russia in the belief that the "class-war cant" was "an antiquated political jargon":

> It was as absurd to cling to these old expressions as it would be to electrify Russia with the frictional electrical machines or the zinc and copper batteries of 1864. Marxist class-war insurrection had become a real obstacle to the outward planning of a new world order. This was particularly evident in our English-speaking community.

As readers of his conversation with Stalin in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are aware, he came home inevitably disillusioned.

> I found Stalin's imagination invincibly framed and set, and that ci-devant radical Gorky magnificently installed as a sort of master of Russian thought. There are no real short cuts perhaps in the affairs of men, everyone lives in his own world and between his own blinkers, whether they be wide or narrow. . . .

The account of Gorky is extremely painful reading:

> In this new-born world of dogmatic communism, he insisted, there was to be no recognition for White or Catholic, or any sort of right writer, write he never so beautifully. So Maxim Gorky, in 1934, to my amazement, made out a case for the Americans who had hounded him out of New York in 1906.

Yet, in spite of such eye-openers, Mr. Wells still clings to an ideal of "leadership." He dislikes the Marxists, he hates Nazis and Fascists and despises Sir Oswald, but he clings to the vision of a world state directed by an order of "Samurai." Surely there are too many orders of "Samurai" about already? If Mr. Wells's order is a minority party, it must shoot, torture and liquidate the opposition, and his "Samurais" will prove themselves just another band of thugs, or protect themselves with a secret police, accountable to nobody. If Mr. Wells does not want to pay that price, he must rest content with our English civil servants, panel-doctors, and school teachers.

* * *

In his first volume, Mr. Wells told us that his importance is that he is a sample of his age, only removed by his expressiveness from the average man. In this second volume he is concerned not so much with himself as an individual, but with the impassioned advocacy of his ideas where their validity is still possible. His attitude is frankly apologetic where time has shown them up. Thus, his judgment was weak on the outbreak of war and he coined the phrase "a war to end war," a slogan which, if copyrighted, would bring in royalties for many centuries to come. Mr. Wells owns up to having once repudiated free love "which was obviously wrong of me." There are also judgments of men that remind us that Mr. Wells has blinkers of his own. His estimate of Conrad as a writer and the odd importance he attaches to a proclamation in which King George referred to *My People* are instances of eccentric judgment, while he seems to regard education as synonymous with an education in biology received at the Royal College of Science in Exhibition Road. Thus, Mr. Wells and I are educated, while Lord Haldane and such-like were not really educated at all. An impressive thought.

* * *

But though Mr. Wells is not able to present either such an intimate or such an objective picture of himself as he did in the first volume, and as I should have liked, his charm and wit are just as great. It is impossible not to love a man who says:

> I dislike my voice in a meeting so much that it gives me an exasperated manner and I lose my thread listening to it.

Mr. Wells shows that he is sometimes a little touchy, but unlike such figures as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, he never tries

to be clever, and is always more interested in his subject than in his own reputation. This volume is stuffed with unforgettable anecdotes and pictures. Henry James's social distress and anxiety on catching his brother William James climbing a ladder in order to have a look at G. K. Chesterton over the garden wall, and the description of certain early experiments with unfamiliar food and drink, show a humour that plays equally well upon himself and other people. At a formidable dinner party, the "wake" of Henley's *National Observer*, Mr. Wells found himself sitting down with George Wyndham, Nathaniel Curzon, Walter Sickert, Edgar Vincent (Lord D'Abernon), G. S. Street, etc.

> I sat at the tail of a table, rather proud and scared, latest adherent to this gallant band. And because I was there at the end I was the first to be served with a strange black blobby substance altogether unknown to me. I was there to enjoy myself and I helped myself to a generous portion. My next-door neighbour, I rather fancy it was Basil Thompson, eyed the black mound upon my plate.
> "I see you *like* caviare," he remarked.
> "Love it," I said.
> I didn't, but I ate it all. I had my proper pride.

I have seldom read a book which has generated in me such affection and gratitude to its author. DAVID GARNETT

GALSWORTHY LETTERS

Letters from John Galsworthy. Edited with Introduction by EDWARD GARNETT. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

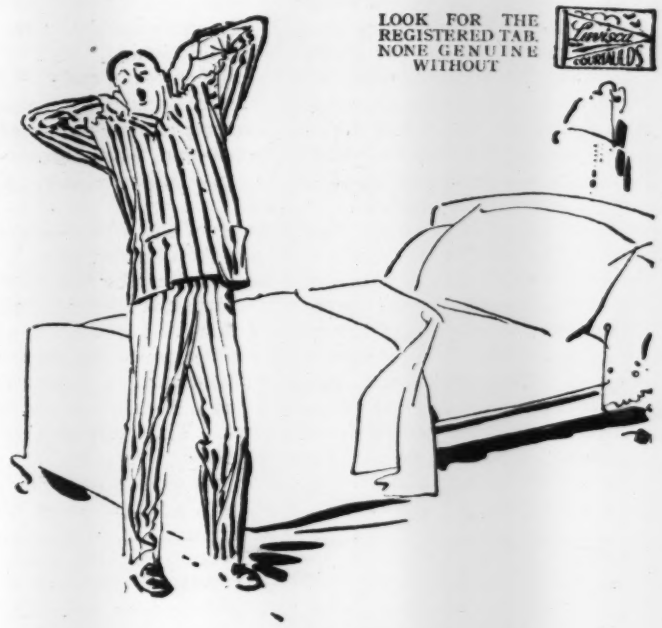
We are here given the records of a friendship of real importance to the literary historian. The letters that passed between John Galsworthy and Edward Garnett provide, apart from the spontaneous interest they must arouse, a body of evidence, which by reflection tells us a great deal, not only about these two men, but about ourselves, at a moment when we have need of all our knowledge.

To begin with, although we cannot be sure until the eagerly awaited full-dress biography appears, it seems likely that we shall never have any considerable autobiographical material from John Galsworthy. His correspondence with Joseph Conrad, which appeared in the World's Work, and the present volume, together with such letters as may subsequently be published, will constitute his only personal avowal, as distinct from that implied in his works. This is right.

The "J.G." of these letters was incapable of talking about himself, and if his conversation, of which these fluent intimate pages might be a part, were ever forced back upon personal affairs, he at once gave it a twist which made it concern matters of public interest. That is why these letters are so valuable. They do give some details of his private enjoyment of nature, or of works of art, and even allude briefly to his health. But in the main they are concerned with big conceptions of artistic technique and public policy.

Thus, because he was the strong and sane, the most balanced and least specialised man of the group to which he and his correspondent happened to belong, these letters lead us to a second most important body of information. They are addressed to the principal figure round which that unorganised group circulated, I will make bold to prophesy one of the major "schools" of English Literature were not the word "school" a hopeless misdescription. What that never-founded coterie was, is evident enough from these letters. Galsworthy met Conrad when the former was making a voyage to get his nautical training for the Admiralty bar, on the ship of which Conrad, who had just written his first story, was mate. Conrad (vide the Introduction before us) introduced Galsworthy to Garnett. On page 9 we read "From October 1900, we had fallen into the habit of dining in Soho every month, and a couple of years later, he occasionally attended the Mont Blanc Restaurant weekly luncheons, along with W. H. Hudson, Hilaire Belloc, Thomas Seccombe, Ford Madox Hueffer, Edward Thomas, and other literary men."

That is all. The writer of the Introduction naturally omits to state that he was the unelected president and prime mover of this literary phenomenon. Hudson (the beloved "Huddy" of J. G.'s letters), like Conrad, was from the far great spaces of the earth; Belloc, easily the best talker, represented the exciting advanced reaction of himself and G.K.C.; Seccombe the historian



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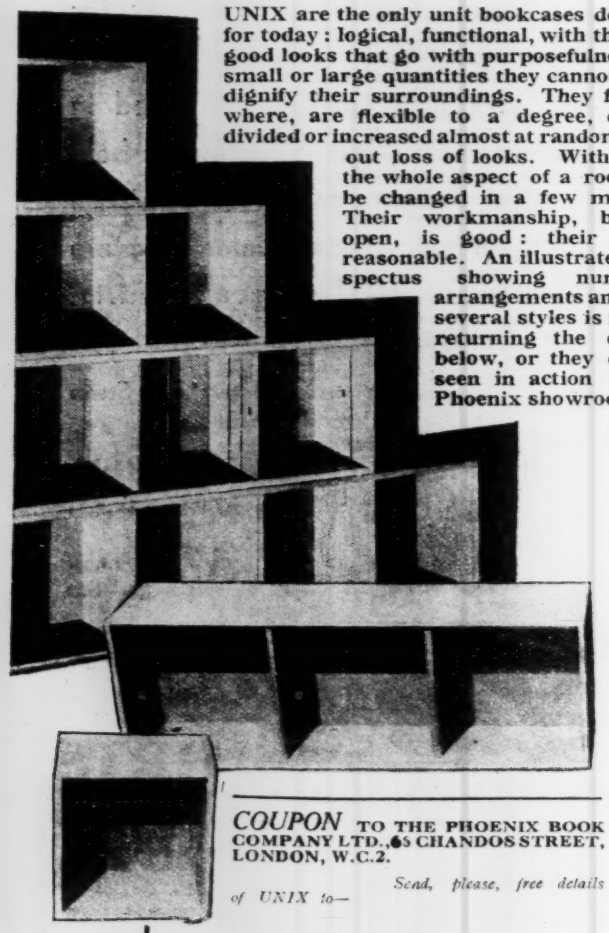
added a touch of pure scholarship which accounts I believe for the warm relations these men had with Gilbert Murray, whose translations burst upon the world just then; Ford Madox Hueffer, more precisely the literary man, critic, and publisher's reader, had affinities with the last distinct English "School," that of the Rossettis. Barrie and Archer, a little senior in years, and G.B.S., a little more deliberately sociological, were connected by sympathy and friendship, and linked the party with the parallel movement in the Theatre, the Vedrenne-Barker partnership, Miss Horniman's company and the inception of the Repertory Theatre idea. They all appear in these pages.

Least talkative, probably most noticing of all, John Galsworthy sat on Edward Garnett's left hand. On the occasion when I was privileged to be present at one of these gatherings he had prepared me for the meeting by the statement "Garnett is a *serious* critic!" It might have taken me years, without that brief contact, to grasp what he meant. I do see now. The leading critical figures of that time Courtney, Saintsbury, Lang, Walkley, used to appear from an atmosphere of dons or of clubmen on a French terrasse from which a red carpet would be laid down. The great man would pronounce a verdict to the attentive public.

The attitude of Edward Garnett to his metier was different, as these letters will show. Perhaps it was not fanciful to feel it symbolised by the fact that he is never heard of in the carpet slippers of complacency or the pumps of superiority, but always in thoroughly good boots. Thus shod, he trod the valleys of Wales and the bogs of Dartmoor with the friend whose first diffident reticence might have robbed the literature of our time of one of its finest contributions had not the "uncreasing benevolence" and "fostering spiritual truthfulness" of the critic, released it.

And finally, in reading this correspondence, mainly of the years before 1914, what are we to think of our own day, its beggared desperations, and lunatic fanaticism? If these letters were nothing else, they must surely be a corrective to the sordid violence that imagines it is making a clean sweep of what has gone before. These men were chivalrous, public-spirited, courageous, and practical. Will that be said of us? R. H. MOTTRAM



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SPAIN

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Spain. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.

Most children must remember the embarrassing exuberance of elders who, every Christmas, would babble about Santa Claus, despite the obvious scepticism of the young, and with painful elaboration don fancy costume and play "pretend." Spain affects many people in the same way. It is a land of mystery, full of caped men and mantillaed women, and vibrant guitars in the twilight. The Second Republic is passed over as the work of the unrepresentative few, whilst mediaeval Spain sits pretty. This is what Dr. Starkie, who has followed up his gipsy travels in Hungary with an exploration of Northern Spain, expected to find, and he did not allow Spain to deceive him. From the start he is determined to approach the country in the right mood; and in consequence almost before his train has left the Gare d'Orleans his coat has been transmogrified into a *capa*. Lest he should possibly be lured into considering Spain a modern country, he fortifies himself with "Rabelaisian" outbursts.

> Certainly, sirs, I admit my madness and I call Master Francois Rabelais to witness that I hold it an honour to be called and reputed a Merry Walter and a Robin Goodfellow.
>
> It is only right that every traveller who approaches Spain should have a tiny dose of quixotic madness.

It is curious that Rabelais and Cervantes should be dragged into so many books as excuses for genteel whimsicality, for both of them, and more especially Cervantes, were fierce opponents of any type of literary sham, and Don Quixote was written to make fun of it.

One is not surprised, therefore, when Dr. Starkie met Spaniards, that not one of them spoke other than the most transcendental stuff. Unfortunately their utterances are transcribed in the local atmosphere style.

> As they say in Caló, *goles e ternoró, ne aupran aor charo* (an ass's braying won't reach heaven). You, *plaloró*, should know better than to let that old fellow dribble over you. Those are not the affairs of Egypt, brother. You should be tough as lastiliam leather, not *bostán* (soft) like a tear-stained *dicló*. Come on, brother, order three glasses of *repañi*. We'll drink to your journey to Castumba (Castile).

It is a great pity that Dr. Starkie has felt it necessary to deck out his natural with cast-off literary clothing, and to prevent his quick observation from doing its work without rose-tinted spectacles. The incidents where he forgets the make-believe are extraordinarily well told, as for example the meeting with the sympathetic girl in San Sebastian, who rewarded his chaste chivalry with "Fichez-moi la paix—sâle espèce de maquereau."

And I should like to protest against the translation of *el Caballero de la Triste Figura*, as the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. It was the nineteenth century which gave this misreading of the Knight of the Sorry Figure, as the symbol of their emasculation of Cervantes's antic buffoon and his changing into the wistful English gentlemen.

Sir Charles Petrie's book is a simple résumé of Spanish history from the classical period to the present day, concluding with a chapter each on the Spanish genius and the economic situation. Considering the small dimensions of the book, he has summed up the early history very ably, though a mere two-line mention of the revolt of the Comuneros scarcely does justice to a movement which expressed so perfectly a characteristic side of the Spaniard. The later period is spoilt by a tendency to judge modern politics by personalities. It would be nice to believe that Primo de Rivera was "the greatest statesman Spain has produced since the sixteenth century," but nicer still to base that simple faith on Rivera's character. Thus we hear in his defence that

> He was completely fearless, and walked about the streets of Madrid in the same careless way after he had seized power as he did before that event . . . . There was also an unfailing courtesy about him which no one could fail to perceive, and at a critical moment in the Moroccan campaign he found time to write a letter of thanks to an English lady who had sent him a message of congratulation.

How reminiscent this is of Dr. Johnson and Fouquier-Tinville. In fact Sir Charles's sympathies are pretty obviously with the Right, and he does scant justice to Azaña's difficulties, or to the deliberate sabotage of the Republic's agricultural and Church policies by the reactionaries. In his penultimate chapter he describes the Spanish character very accurately, and with a complete absence of the Don Quixote business. NEIL MACLAREN, JR.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Mid-Autumn Literary Supplement

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1934

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MACMILLAN

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THREE POEMS

LET LOVE LIVE ON

Love is the precious jewel in our Life,
The sweetest thing this Earth has ever known,
Found in a labourer's cottage, on a stool,
Then in a palace, sitting on a throne.
She lets no Knowledge cloud our mortal hours,
Or cast its shadow on her glorious eyes;
All hope of Life immortal after Death
Springs out of Love's abiding qualities.
Love judges neither blood, nor pomp nor state,
She questions for its *heart* each living thing:
What kind of woman is our English queen,
What kind of man her husband and our king.

THE GHOST

Seek not to know Love's full extent,
For Death, not Life, must measure Love;
Not till one lover's dead and gone,
Is Love made strong enough to prove.
What woman, with a ghostly lover,
Can hold a mirror to her hair?
A man can tell his love with tears,
When but a woman's ghost is there.
Our greatest meeting is to come,
When either you or I are lost:
When one, being left alone in tears,
Confesses to the other's ghost.

THE JEALOUS LOVER

Who is this man that, brain on fire,
Can reason without rule;
The fastest thinker known to life,
And yet the greatest fool?
This man is blind, and yet can see
Beyond our common eyes;
This man is deaf, yet hears plain words
When others hear but sighs.
Thinking that silence proves our guilt,
And speech is all a lie,
He cries aloud, "My name is Truth—
Who calls me Jealousy?"

W. H. DAVIES

POINCARÉ

I have always been fascinated by the years of apprenticeship, by that first contact—often so moving—of the adolescent with life. In great lives, I love to explore those ardent, secret hours when the famous man was still a youth, as once I loved, in the mountains, to climb up to those regions of pine and snow where the rivers are still no more than wild, thin torrents.

So it was that one evening in 1928, finding myself at a friend's house almost alone with M. Poincaré, I asked him about his early days. Those who have known him only in his official capacity have created a legendary Poincaré, accurate no doubt as far as it goes, but far less human than the truth. What struck me as I listened to him that day was the sensibility verging on sadness which belied the clear gaze; the confiding tenderness with which he kept turning towards Mme. Poincaré, asking questions, wanting her to confirm a date, as though he needed the control of another's memory for that extreme precision which he loved so much.

"My early days in politics?" he said. "Yes, they would be interesting enough perhaps to study, for they were directed by forces outside my control. One would have said that I had been taken by the hand and led into activities of which I assure you I was quite unaware. It began in 1886. I had come to Paris to study law; I had just taken my degree and been called to the bar. M. Develle, a friend of the family, who had been appointed Minister of Agriculture, summoned me and invited me to become the head of his department. I hesitated for a long time, and ended by accepting.

"I had been working at the ministry for some months when one day M. Develle told me that a *conseiller général* had just died in the Meuse (which was the *département* where I was born) and asked me if I would care to put in for the vacancy. I answered that I had no real wish to be a *conseiller général* and that, further, I was not even eligible in that canton where I had no domicile and paid no rates.

"The following Sunday, being on a visit to my family in the Meuse, I told them the story. 'But,' said grandfather, 'you pay a sum of one franc 25 centimes in taxes in this canton. In fact you have been paying it since you were eight, for I purchased in 1868, quite by chance, a small wood which I put down in your name.' The coincidence amused us all and, pressed by my grandfather, I went that afternoon to look at the country and gather news about the coming election. The state of affairs was quite simple. There were two candidates; only one, a local farmer, had any chance. 'He is not keen on it,' I was told by the friends whom I questioned. 'No doubt he would willingly withdraw in your favour.'

"They pointed out his farm to me and I went to call on him. I found him in the yard loading a hay cart. I told him that M. Develle had advised me to see him and ask his advice. 'Well,' he said, 'you can do as you like. I am not at all interested in politics myself, and those who told you I would gladly withdraw my candidature are quite right. But I would not give way to anybody. I have ideas of my own, and I consider that a district like this should be represented by a man who is capable of looking after the interests of the farmer. Now, you are a lawyer from Paris. What do you know about the land?'

"'Oh well,' I said, 'I am head of department in the Ministry of Agriculture; that has made me study a number of agricultural questions.'

"He shrugged his shoulders: 'Oh?' he said. . . . 'Do you think you could as much as load a hay cart?'

I did not answer; I took off my coat; I picked up a pitchfork which was handy and began to fill the waggon, taking care to lay the trusses evenly. I was young and, what's more, strong. He watched me at work without speaking, and I suppose that I did not manage too badly, for when I had finished he tapped me on the shoulder: 'You'll do,' he said. . . . 'I will retire in your favour.'

"I was elected. And that was my first step. Some months after, the Deputy of the district died. You know that in the provinces there is a regular progression, a *cursus honorum*, for those who go into politics. . . . 'Now that you are *conseiller général*,' they said, 'you must put up for parliament.' Once again I was elected. My first appearances in the Chamber attracted little attention. I was shy; I would have to study my new surroundings. When, two years later, there was a General Election and I had to stand again, there was strong opposition in the district. My opponents charged me with not having opened my mouth in the Chamber. I think it is a charge that they have regretted since. . . .

"However, I was re-elected and very soon got used to speaking in parliament. They found that I was a hard worker,

and I was appointed a member of the Budget committee. From that point things moved quickly. It was a period of unrest in parliamentary affairs, a period when the Panama affair divided a whole generation: the young men had their chance. In 1893 I had charge of the Budget in the chamber, and in the same year I was Minister of Education in the Dupuy cabinet. Barthou was one of my colleagues, and we were known in the Chamber as 'the two babes.' He was thirty-one; I was thirty-three.

"From that day I have been almost continuously in office, except for a period of eleven years, from 1895 to 1906, when I devoted myself to building up a legal practice. But I have continued to represent my old constituency, and there is one office that I hope to keep till my death—that of *conseiller général* of the Meuse."

I remembered what he had told me that evening, when, a week before his death, M. Poincaré was re-elected *conseiller général* of the Meuse. So his career has ended as it began, with a success in his native province. It seems to me a striking symbol of French political life, which at the same time is strongly local and rigidly centralised, and in which Raymond Poincaré was for more than forty years one of the most solid and vigorous influences, the most representative and most devoted.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

"FOR HE MAKES ME CONFESS . . ."

Sketches in Criticism. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

The title of this book has more significance than appears at first: it does not just mean "little critical essays." Mr. Brooks' "critic" is the "scholar" of Emerson, the "*clerc*" of M. Julien Benda—a being, that is, concerned not merely or even primarily with literature, but with "the great human values." And America had produced no "critics," in that sense, till very lately.

> Those who could not put up with our life in the East quietly went West, and those who would not put up with our life at all quietly went to Europe. No one stood still and spoke out. . . . The critical attitude in our general mind has perished from disuse. . . . We have lived for a century and a half on the bland assurance that everything is coming out right, at the same time passing on the responsibility to everybody and anybody else, until things have actually come out as wrong as things well could. The assumption of democracy in all departments of life has resulted in a sort of reversal of rational values, so that we have become aristocratic in the material sphere and plebeian in the sphere of the spirit. . . . The vicious circle of good customs that corrupt the world will never be broken in America until we have produced a few men who are able to look our conventional life in the face and reject it, deliberately reject it, not through any neurotic need to escape, but at the command of a profound personal vision. . . . Everyone recalls the words of Alcibiades, at the end of *The Symposium*: "This Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading. . . . For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians."

In America the "concerns of the Athenians" have gone unchallenged; efficient drains are the good American's gospel, the man in the street is his divinity. And the *clercs* themselves "have unconsciously yielded to the contempt under which ideal activities labour in this country"; they have adopted "protective coloration," and provide the spectacle of "clergymen who keep office hours to show that they are as 'efficient' as their brokers, novelists whose highest wish is to be mistaken for business men, artists who lack the courage of their vocations."

> Not long ago, for instance, one of our distinguished novelists permitted himself to be quoted as having found "his real excitement, his real interest," in receiving a certain prize, not so much in receiving this prize for literature, as in feeling that he was actually, for the moment, on a "par" with three scientists who were also receiving prizes.

Even philosophy could not hold out, and indeed:

> To explain the lapse, the defection, the fatuity of our intellectuals, one need go no farther back than their acknowledged master, William James . . . a poet and artist, who, as a boy, had rejected an invitation of his brother Henry with the remark, "I play with boys who curse and swear." All his life, the philosopher William James wanted to play with the boys who curse and swear, the men who "do" things in this practical modern world. . . . By giving a fresh *cachet* to the ordinary working creed of a pioneer civilisation, James led his disciples back into the wilderness from which they might otherwise have emerged; and there he left them.

It is the "critic's" business to show them the way out of it, to revive, as it were, the doctrine of salvation by faith. And we now seee that all this author's works have a kind of unity—unity of purpose. Mark Twain was his drunken helot; Emerson with all his faults was "un vrai clerc," and in that sense a model, and "to familiarise men with good models is the social justification of biography." This does not mean that the biographer should write to edify; he "will waste few thoughts on subjects that have no heroic implications," but, the subject chosen, nothing concerns him but the facts. Indeed, "thinking of the model first instead of the man" defeats its object.

> If we are the most irreverent of peoples, the least inclined, that is, to believe in distinction and to have a wholesome regard for it, American biography is largely to blame. . . . The old respectable biography placed a premium on conformity and mediocrity, and bowdlerised even these. . . . It considered it a sort of duty to turn out plaster saints for the edification of the newly arrived, who might otherwise have been disposed to doubt that all American life is a Fourth of July. The biographer is at the mercy of his subject . . . nor can any amount of insight and ingenuity coax out of a dull, conventional, unconscious, undeveloped life the image of a morning star.

For that reason, the lives of American "representative" men cannot be written.

> The typical American character has acted only along party lines, its thoughts have all been typical crowd thoughts, its desires have all been typical crowd desires. This explains why there is "no satisfactory material" about it; for men who say that the Bible is good enough for them, and who find the "reserve power of the Democratic Party" the greatest wonder in the universe, can hardly expect to have their opinions quoted for the joy of posterity.

No, indeed; but it is perhaps going rather far to cite Cleveland (the author of those opinions) as Jung's typical "extravert," whose value cannot be fairly estimated by the intellect. Mr. Brooks is apt to insist too much on (so to speak) biographical qualities; the "bad subject" might equally be Sir Henry Royce, or even Florence Nightingale *after* she had found her job. And the intellectual's admiration for "the men who do things" is not so exclusively American, or perhaps unjustified, as he seems to think. It was Dr. Johnson who said that "every man is secretly ashamed of himself for not having been a soldier"; and Mr. F. L. Lucas (certainly no Philistine) was jeering lately at those whose "white hands have only held the pen." Very well-balanced people scarcely understand the feeling; but, granted a deficiency in one's own nature, it is surely right enough to admire characters more effective. The important question is—*which* characters? It is one thing to respect the Sir Henry Royces, quite another to go astray (like one of the most intelligent and sensitive of our own novelists) after godlike young toughs and woolly-minded business men.

But Mr. Brooks is trying to redress a balance which has tipped disastrously to the vulgar side; and indeed it is very seldom that he overdoes it. "The critic assumes, every time," Mark Twain remonstrated, "that if a book doesn't meet the cultivated-class standard, it isn't valuable"—and the Upton Sinclairs of to-day object, as he did. Mr. Brooks turns their flank by "respectfully urging that a book which is not good enough for oneself is not good enough for the proletariat either." But though he has even too solemn a view of art, and calls it "terrible," he has no use for the "frail, brittle, cerebral aristocratism" of some modern writers.

> We can surely make no greater mistake than to be satisfied with the expectation of a mere private or group-literature. . . . There is a phenomenon . . . familiar in literary history, and that is the writer who creates the taste by which he is understood. . . . And how immensely our criticism might help matters, might help to produce such types, if, instead of browbeating the public, and making demands on the public in the name of the writer, it were to make demands on the writer only.

Mr. Brooks' demand on the writer is nothing less than a new gospel. For the human race is almost infinitely suggestible:

> We are still savages cowering in fear of a sinister "nature" that exists in reality only within ourselves. . . . There is nothing in the world humanity cannot do; there are few things humanity has not done. . . . We Americans are all too familiar with the psychology of advertising. . . . The brisk young business man of our day—"Arrow" collar, "style-plus" raiment, "quality" shoes, "distinctive" necktie, haughty frown and all, is, from top to toe, a creation of the advertisers. . . .
>
> What advertising does, literature does also. For who would say that the desires of men can be confined to soap and a haughty frown?

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Mr. Brooks is a good advertisement for his own programme. He writes with a noble unconsciousness not exactly typical of our modern prophets; the preacher is lost in the message, every word, whether it convinces or not, at least rings true. Unflinchingly serious, he is yet trenchant, enlivening; the essays abound in historical illustration, they achieve variety by frequently shifting the angle of attack, yet are held together by the backbone of their common purpose. Everyone should read this American *Trahison des Clercs*—for that is what it is most like, though it goes farther. I have tried to indicate its direction; its "minuter propensities," its wealth of detail, are hard to suggest in the space of a review.

K. JOHN

WARLOCK AND HESELTINE

Peter Warlock, a Memoir of Philip Heseltine. By CECIL GRAY: with contributions by SIR RICHARD TERRY and ROBERT NICHOLS and a foreword by AUGUSTUS JOHN. *Jonathan Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In a sense it is true that every creative artist is a dual personality. Has not Jean Cocteau said, "In every artist there are two beings—a man and a woman—and the woman is always detestable." If that is so, then the late Philip Heseltine, better known by his *nom de plume* of Peter Warlock, was a quadruple personality, for both Heseltine and Warlock were as subtle in their make-up as the average creative artist who can be regarded as a reasonably consistent individual.

The task of tracing these divergent channels is simplified by the fact that the composer himself was acutely conscious of this duality and deliberately symbolised it by his use of two names.

To the public, it was Peter Warlock, the hard-drinking, ribald and rather aggressive composer of *Good Ale* and other Bellocian fancies, who emerged triumphant; but Mr. Cecil Gray, who is more justified in forming a conclusion than anyone else, is inclined to give pride of place to the sensitive, intellectual and "aesthetic" Philip Heseltine, composer of the fine but gloomy song-cycle *The Curlew* and of that exquisite little work *Corpus Christi*. His fascinating study is primarily psychological, and Warlock's music is only touched on in so far as it throws light on the metamorphoses of the composer's personality.

We are first shown Heseltine at Eton and as a student in Germany, rather earnest and cultured, obsessed by a passion for the music of Delius, whose charming letters to him are extensively quoted. The years at Oxford are amusingly sketched-in by Mr. Robert Nichols without, however, adding much from a psychological point of view to our impression of an interesting but retarded adolescence. It is the war period, in which Mr. Gray resumes the narrative, that gives us the first vivid picture of the old Philip Heseltine. It is difficult for those who only knew him in later days to visualise him as a passionate internationalist, a solemn follower of D. H. Lawrence, a student of ancient Celtic tongues, an occultist and a mystic. Yet, as Mr. Gray points out, the picture given, being based almost entirely on the composer's own letters, is unimpeachably authentic. Even more difficult to visualise is the picture of him standing on the green-lit stage of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, lecturing on the nature of music, clad in a purple African witch-doctor's robe and supported by a local hermit with a beard 18in. long. The robe I remember well and it is perhaps symbolic of the change that overcame the man, that in later years it was only donned on the most grotesquely Hogarthian and fantastical occasions.

The gradual emergence of the rollicking Peter Warlock from the sensitive Philip Heseltine was curiously connected with his growth of a beard. The author points to a letter, in which Heseltine says: "The fungus is cultivated for a purely talismanic purpose," as being of the highest importance. The beard became a mask behind which this essentially diffident character who felt that he had made a failure of his life could impose himself on the world as a diabolistic roisterer. The disguise (for such it was essentially) proved astonishingly successful and this assumed character began to gain dominance over its creator, or to put it less theatrically, Philip Heseltine deliberately suppressed the characteristics which he considered a weakness and, under the name of Peter Warlock (at first "merely a convenient pseudonym" under which he could get rejected works published), cultivated a latent diablerie which, like the apprentice's magic broom, began to get out of control. There was nothing Peter Warlock found more delight in than abusing and ridiculing the naïve idealism of Philip Heseltine.

One is reminded of *Antic Hay*, and it is interesting to read that the theme of this book was actually suggested to Huxley by Heseltine. By this time, however, the Warlock legend had become established, and it was as the jovial but sinister Coleman that Heseltine was portrayed, whereas, according to Mr. Gray, Gumbril was unconsciously a truer portrait.

The author is perhaps less successful in his evocation of Peter Warlock than in his presentation of Philip Heseltine, and for obvious reasons. The law of censorship and the law of libel are more of a bogy now than ever before, and it is impossible to give a complete portrait of Warlock in his fantastic later days without giving examples of his Rabelaisian wit (he was one of the few great masters of the limerick and also of a type of verbal association in which he excelled and anticipated Joyce), and of his incomparable power of invective (the unfortunate recipients of his more scathing letters are naturally unwilling to publicly exhibit their still painful scars). However, the portrait is as complete as present-day prudery will allow. It is enough to make the academic musicians who boycotted one of the greatest scholars of our time because he "wasn't quite a gentleman" shake their heads and say I told you so. On the other hand, the picture of Heseltine will disconcert the supposed boon companions who could see in this artist nothing but a jovial pub-crawler.

It stands to reason that the two sides of his character were not so acutely divided as I may clumsily have suggested (there were always certain common factors, his unfailing generosity, for example). It was when the two sides merged that he was seen at his best, days when his conversation would be an astonishing mingling of eloquence, charm, erudition, pointed wit and sheer grotesquerie, until one felt in the presence of some one from an ampler and happier age.

On the purely creative side, though, the two facets of his character were more sharply defined and it is no mere conceit to class the important *Curlew* as being pure Heseltine and the unimportant *Good Ale* as being pure Warlock.

As time went on and the exigencies of finance grew greater, the breezy pot-boilers of Warlock became more frequent and the nostalgic creations of Heseltine became crowded into the background. There was a sudden recrudescence before the end, however, notably in his settings of three poems by Bruce Blunt. I remember congratulating him on what seemed to me a complete recovery of his best form and his saying, "My dear sir, how ludicrous to think that after all these years one has merely got back to the same old thing—Van Dieren and water." This description was, of course, absurdly denigrating, but at the same time one must admit that these songs, though beautiful, show little advance on the best of his earlier work. It was this feeling of moving in a circle, this sensation of spiritual staleness which was, I am convinced, the main factor in his suicide. It is not a subject that I care to dwell on in a review, and in any case I could add nothing to Mr. Gray's moving and finely-written closing chapter in which his suicide is shown as having an heroic and artistic inevitability.

* * *

Although to those who knew Heseltime or know his music, this book is doubly fascinating; it is from any point of view one of the most remarkable biographical studies of recent times, having a form of its own and disdaining facile anecdotage. Apart from its examination of Heseltine himself, it is full of extremely amusing sidelights on the various characters he came into conflict with (in particular D. H. Lawrence, who published a spiteful portrait of him at a time when he was devoting all his energies to the furtherance of Lawrence's works). Mr. Gray's acid vignette is a welcome corrective to the sickly adulation of his more thick-witted female followers.

The book being in no way technical, there is no separate section on the music, but the author's estimate of Warlock's work is, I think, extremely just. The pot-boilers are dismissed as such, but the best of the songs are rightly recognised as being among the finest achievements in contemporary music and certainly the finest solo songs written in England since the seventeenth century. That his work was on a small scale is of no consequence, as the author points out in a penetrating essay on the miniature in art. He might even have gone farther and pointed out that the best English music has always been on a small scale—even Purcell was essentially a miniaturist.

Those who think Warlock's output scanty are referred to the lengthy list of original works and transcriptions at the end. This list, by the way, is not quite accurate; several transcriptions are omitted, notably the *Lachrymae of Dowland*, one of the most important pieces of scholarly work which Heseltine undertook.

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A Decade of Revolution, 1789-1799. By CRANE BRINTON. *Harper.* 15*s.*

Reaction and Revolution, 1814-1832. By FREDERICK B. ARTZ. *Harper.* 15*s.*

The French philosophers of the eighteenth century—Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, Rousseau—early imbibed the political ideas of Locke. Their speculations were concerned with the origin of government, with the relations of man and man from a sociological point of view; and from their inquiries they propounded, in almost identical language, the maxim that government existed for the good of the governed. In that age of reason and common sense their works spread rapidly and, besides readily converting the intelligentsia, had the effect of creating a new type of ruler—the benevolent despot. Since there was no question as yet that the governed should take a share in the government, it is not so surprising as it appears to be that Frederick, Joseph II, Catherine, and the others should fall in so readily with the views expressed in *Le Contrat Social*. The truth was that, in granting a measure of freedom to the Third Estate, these monarchs realised that they were providing themselves with a weapon with which to combat the power of the Church and the nobles. This is not to say that the benevolent despot was not a vast improvement on his predecessors. Joseph II was obviously a sincere disciple of the new humanitarian philosophy, but for the most part it is clear that self-interest and humanity happened, in this instance, to coincide.

It is not, perhaps, exact to say that eighteenth-century philosophy led directly to the explosion of the French Revolution, but by bringing about concessions to the bourgeoisie and peasants it certainly made a revolution in political practice inevitable sooner or later. That time came when on May 5, 1789, Louis opened the first States-General at Versailles. There was nothing here, as Professor Brinton remarks, to startle the orthodox. England already provided an example of constitutional monarchy. What is surprising, however, is the fact that this experiment failed so completely that in three years France was a Republic. The reasons for this collapse, and the history of the First Republic, are stated in a remarkably objective manner by Professor Brinton in this book; and while, as he explains, the greater part of this decade of European history can hardly be devoted to any other country than France, he is not oblivious of the reactions which the revolution in France and the long wars that followed had on England and the rest of Europe. Beginning with a study of the Monarchical Experiment, he devotes chapters to the Republican Experiment, Europe and the Revolution, the war, the Thermidoreans, and finally ends his period with the Directory. He does not omit a discussion on arts and sciences; and the last chapter in his book is an able summary of the whole of European civilisation during the revolutionary decade. It is possible that the orthodox will quarrel with Professor Brinton's historical exegesis. But to the present reviewer, at least, his approach was most stimulating. In the following quotation the reader may get some idea of what to look out for in reading this book:

> Romanticism is, no doubt, in part the rebellion of an educated but uncultivated middle class against the formalised taste and rules of an aristocracy. It is also in part the revulsion of human beings from a life over-intellectualised, over-rationalised, at once over-complicated and over-simplified, towards a life more filled with the freshness, the uncertainty, and the consolation of emotion. It is, if you like, a return to the animal in man. But above all it is the acceptance of the inadequacy of any formal set of values, the free acceptance of the perpetual adventure which is the creation of values. Its logical end, perhaps, is the modern doctrine of relativity.

It seems to be a universal law for crisis to be followed by reaction. However far in one direction the pendulum may swing, its very momentum will bring it back again—but not quite so far back—in the other. The First Republic indeed gave way to the Napoleonic Empire, but politically the French experienced a far greater degree of individual liberty under Napoleon than under Louis XVI. It is not, however, with the period of the Napoleonic Wars that Professor Artz is concerned. He discusses in his book that time of reaction and abortive revolution that followed, in France, the restoration of the Bourbons and ended with the election of Louis Philippe as "king of the French." His method of writing history is one to which the general reader is more accustomed than that employed by Professor Brinton. He does not seem, as does Professor Brinton, to examine his material from a remote, Olympian attitude. He is a liberal, and his bias is that of the orthodox liberal historian. Thus nearly half the book is devoted to a discussion of the state of European society after the Napoleonic wars, with a special regard for the degrees of liberalism to be found in each society. He has a chapter entitled "The Search for a Principle of Authority"; and ends this portion of his history with a most authoritative account of the various creeds of liberalism rife in Europe during the period under examination. He holds the belief that after the five years 1815–1820 liberalism became the dominant force which made a disintegration of the restoration of the *ancien régime* a practical outcome in the next ten years. In other words, the violent "enlightenment" of the revolutionary era had given place to a gradual but inevitable progress towards government of the people by the people and for the people which, in his period, achieved its apotheosis in the Reform Bill of 1832.

Professor Artz writes:

> The liberals of the restoration wished not only to curb the power of absolute monarchs, and to take over the direction of society from them and from the nobles; they were also strongly opposed to the great power and influence exerted by the established churches. Their demand for religious freedom and for the limitation of the influence of the clergy in politics was by no means novel. It has been at the basis of much of the liberal thought of seventeenth-century England and of eighteenth-century France. In England, the landowners had long been Anglican, the men of commerce largely Nonconformist. Since Stuart times the latter had been distrustful of a government whose courts hampered the activities of trade and manufacture in the interest of religious conformity. The liberal tradition, therefore, involved the belief that economic, political, and religious freedom were but aspects of a single program for the emancipation of the middle class.

Professor Artz's book is, as it were, an expansion of this paragraph: a history of the rise of liberalism as a dominant factor in European politics after the fall of Napoleon.

These two histories are parts only of a twenty-volume work entitled *The Rise of Modern Europe*. If the other volumes come anywhere near either of these two in profundity of scholarship and clarity of exposition no historian will be able to do without the complete series. The bibliographical notes at the end of each book are invaluable, and a remarkably interesting collection of contemporary reproductions are included. These histories are very highly recommended indeed, both to students and the general reader.

RICHARD STRACHEY

FONTAMARA

Fontamara. By IGNAZIO SILONE. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fontamara is a novel, by an Italian, about Fascist Italy; but it is not a book, as might be expected, in meek and sugary praise of Mussolini's new world, but an extremely savage and bitter attack on it, as well as a tragic picture of the misery brought upon one section of a community by the stupid cruelty and corruption of another. The author of the book, Ignazio Silone, has been for some years in exile. Fontamara is a village in Southern Italy: possibly Silone's own village, more probably a composite picture of many such villages:

> Picture Fontamara as the poorest, most primitive village of Marsica, north of the reclaimed Lake Fucino. About one hundred ragged, shapeless, one-floor hovels, blackened by time, worn by wind and rain, imperfectly roofed with tiles and slates of any kind, surround a dilapidated church on a stony hill-top. Most of these unpaved hovels have but one opening for door, window and chimney. Inside them men, women and children, donkeys, goats and hens live, sleep, eat, and procreate their kind.

In this village, except for one or two incidents, the whole story of Fontamara takes place. It is a story of supreme cruelty and stupidity: so fantastic and incredible that at times it would be funny if it were not so bitterly tragic. The characters in the story are simply the Fontamara peasants on the one hand, and the Fascist authorities on the other. There are no central characters, no love affairs, no feats of heroism. It is really the old story of the dog chained up: chained up and beaten and starved and reviled until finally in desperation and madness the chain is broken and the hand of cruelty is bitten. And the ending is, as always, Goldsmith's ending: the dog it was that died. In *Fontamara* the peasants are the dogs: simple, trusting, hard-working, half-starved, ignorant. They are up to their eyes in taxes, their impoverished strips of land are mortgaged. Every few weeks officials come round, present blank papers to be signed, and trick the peasants into corrupt agreements and new taxes. When the peasants complain of some injustice, the authorities

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set it right. An excellent example of their methods is provided by the dispute about the stream. A stream flows through Fontamara, and a dispute arises as to how the water shall be divided for purposes of irrigation. One party demands more than the other. So the Fascist Solomons arrive and settle the dispute with a master stroke of wisdom: one party shall have three-quarters of the stream and the other party three-quarters of the stream. So it goes on: disputes, injustices, more taxes, more corruption, and finally physical cruelty in the shape of rape and soldiers; until the dogs, unable to endure it any longer, turn and bite the Fascist hand. And it is, of course, not those who are bitten who die.

The book may be criticised as being propaganda. There is certainly no denying that it is. But it is lifted right out of the ordinary propagandist class by Silone's art. His simple, bitterly humorous, savagely satirical style is without a flaw. And here, incidentally, the translators may be congratulated: they have understood Silone's purpose and have conveyed it admirably. Painted in tones of solid propagandist black, the picture would have not only been intolerable but ineffective. But painted as Silone has painted it, lightly, swiftly and almost mockingly, the effect is inescapable and terrible. Silone has kept up this tone of ironical, almost nonchalant detachment until the very end. The peasants are never sentimentalised; the authorities are never drawn with anger. Silone has rightly realised that one of the greatest weapons of the propagandist is ridicule, and the way in which he has used that weapon in *Fontamara* is smashing. In short, no one who cares at all about the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, or for art such as Silone's, or, in fact, for Fascism, can afford to miss this book.

H. E. Bates

GOLLY! WHAT A NATION

My Scotland. By William Power. *Porpoise Press.* 7s. 6d.

Scottish Scene. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon and Hugh MacDiarmid. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Scotland. By Sir Robert Rait, C.B.E., LL.D., and George S. Pryde, Ph.D. *Benn.* 21s.

Robert Bruce, King of Scots. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie, D.Litt. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

Here are four books by six authors—for two of them are the work of uneasy couples—that can be taken together as a kind of Caledonian tit-willow. Alas, poor country! There is something wrong with Scotland. So much is clear enough, otherwise there would not be all this commotion among the songsters; but what it is—whether weakness of intellect, or some rather tough worm in her little inside, or a combination of both—is not clear at all. One may be charmed by the pensive trillings of Mr. Power, amused by the deliberately ill-tuned screeches of Messrs. Gibbon and MacDiarmid, and soothed to sleep by the genteel twitterings of Messrs. Rait and Pryde only to be disturbed by occasional squawks of muted fury from Miss Mure Mackenzie; but to translate the effect of these various voices into articulate terms is a sore tax on any reader's wits.

One can, however, with patience, get some inkling on a matter that has always perplexed simple people (such as the English are), namely, the apparent contradiction of the Scotsman's vocal, even offensive, patriotism and his notorious readiness to quit the adored country, never to return. Englishmen as different as Samuel Johnson and Thomas Hardy can only account for it by writing down the gangrel Scot as a humbug, which of course he is, but that is not the whole story. There is a plea in extenuation to be put in. His love of country is genuine enough. There are few of his kind who will find it possible to read Mr. Power's essays without a certain tightening in the region of the heart. For though Mr. Power can warble *Dark Lochnagar* as soulfully and dolefully as anybody, he has some livelier tunes that are all his own and which one exile at least finds far more moving. He talks of "the incurable nostalgia of a Glasgow man for the Firth of Clyde," and can evoke it very poignantly as when he tells how the Glasgow man, crossing the Channel, is cheered by the advertisement (more prominently displayed than the statutory Board of Trade certificate) that his boat is by Denny, but "misses the melodious outburst of pipe and tabor that accompanies the first beat of the paddles of a Clyde steamer—a sound associated with blue water, green hills, and a fresh breeze laden with the odour of ham and eggs or steak and onions." Mr. Power has a rare gift of affectionate observation that makes him easily the best guide to the living Scotland of to-day. He is a stay-at-home and proud of it, but he contrives to breathe the world's air.

The gangrel Scot is largely, though it may be not completely, explained by the fact that, much as he may love his country, he fears it much more. There are, it is true, a few generous spirits like Mr. Linklater, who boldly go home, confident that they are proof against harm and that their presence may buck the old place up a bit. But that grace is not vouchsafed to many. For the great majority of us a visit to Scotland is a mixed experience. We cross the Border with a great uplift of heart, which may last for a week or even longer. But sooner or later the sinking feeling begins—a growing urge to escape from a land of shabby lotus-eaters who take it very unkind that any of their race should repudiate the habit. Conspicuous among these graceless creatures are Messrs. "MacDiarmid" and "Gibbon." The latter is frankly one of the *diaspora*, while the former, though an earnestly professing stay-at-home, is not, it is said, as punctilious in his observance as one might suppose. But with "James Bridie"—why have all these Scotsmen such a passion for pseudonyms?—they make a trio that leaves no doubt about the reality of what is called "the Scottish Renaissance." The conjunction of MacDiarmid and Gibbon in the same volume is highly diverting. They have little in common except a vision of Scotland as a wilderness of wasted opportunities that makes them scream with fury. So long as they scream they care little what of Scottishness they scream at. Hence, not infrequently and *more Scotico*, they scream their loudest at one another. In this regard Gibbon is the more aggressive. A radical sceptic, he nevertheless belongs to the sour Whig tradition of Scotland and can never resist a hyena snarl at the neo-Toryism represented by MacDiarmid, who incidentally happens to be an ardent disciple of Lenin, Major Douglas and the late Theodore Napier. A versatile fellow, MacDiarmid. Naturally the book this queer pair of cross-talkers have combined to produce is impossible to classify and difficult to describe. One can only say that *Scottish Scene* is a *satura lanx* of prose and verse, history, sociology and general invective, and a considerable number of newspaper cuttings selected on a principle that is familiar to readers of this journal.

The kind of thing that infuriates the authors of *Scotland Scene* is admirably illustrated by the *Scotland* of Principal Rait and Dr. Pryde. Not that anybody, even Hugh MacDiarmid, could find much to grumble at in Principal Rait's part of it, which is, as one would expect, a perfectly balanced survey of Scottish history from the earliest historic times down to the Union. But it amounts to no more than 20 per cent. of a fairly bulky volume. For the remaining 80 per cent. we are obliged to follow Dr. Pryde plodding his flat-footed way through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to our own distracted times, and it is heavy going. But, gentle reader, do not pity his poor feet. He is as pleased with them as with the condition of Scotland. There is room, he admits, for a few minor improvements, but too much attention must not be paid to the Nationalists and so-called Scottish Renaissance writers. These, however, are not wholly without virtue, inasmuch as "if opinionated and sometimes misguided, they are doing good work in deepening the nation's interest in its destinies, material and spiritual." How nice! Dr. Pryde gives a breathless "once-over" to the writings of these worthy but misguided souls. It may be accounted to him for righteousness that he is an enthusiastic, almost hysterical admirer of Grassic Gibbon, but Gibbon will be surprised to learn that his poetry, like MacDiarmid's, "though highly praised by the critics," is "somehow" less successful than his prose. Grassic Gibbon has published no poetry.

Miss Mure Mackenzie represents the extreme Right of Scottish sentiment, the champion of romantic tradition in these iconoclastic days. Like those pathetic believers who proclaim that all the latest archaeological research goes to demonstrate the literal truth of the Old Testament, she is convinced that the Bruce of *Tales of a Grandfather*, the schoolboy's hero, is the real Bruce. It may be so, but the fact remains that the materials for a life of the Bruce are both scanty and contradictory, and all Miss Mure Mackenzie's jerky learning and liberality of inference cannot alter it. So averse is she from any departure from tradition that, although she accepts Dr. Mackay Mackenzie's conclusion that it was Bruce, not Edward, who took the initiative at Bannockburn, she refuses to accept what is bound up with it—that the site of the battle was not the valley of the Bannock, but the Carse of Stirling at the angle of the Bannock and the Forth. Her compromise gives us such a battle as was never fought out of Looking-Glass Land. So thirled to tradition is she that one feels it must have given her

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Donald Carswell

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The Secret of the Sandbank. By Josephine Plain. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

The Execution of Diamond Deutsch. By C. F. Gregg. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Scarweather. By Anthony Rolls. *Bles.* 7s. 6d.

I have not always shared Superintendent Haslet's implicit confidence in the scientific abilities of his friend Professor Priestley, and I have rather resented his incursions into the plots of Mr. John Rhode's novels with his testy humour and his microscope. But in *Shot At Dawn* I was delighted to see him coaxed into activity by the Superintendent and at last go down to Riddinghithe, get aboard the *Alandra* and carry out an experiment, which I had been longing to do myself ever since the fellow Crosland was found shot in the first chapter, only I could not see quite how to set about it. And yet what simple apparatus it required, just a stop-watch and some corks! It was terribly trying to the patience while the Superintendent went fussing round in the most short-sighted way, when one knew that the Professor would seize on the importance of that experiment, and was only waiting round the corner to be called in. Crosland had been found shot through the head on board a yacht in the Ridding estuary at 9 a.m. The yacht had lain at anchor in mid-stream since the previous evening, and the only other person on board was found in a drunken stupor in his cabin. But there seemed no question of Mowerby in the cabin having fired the shot, for the wound was declared by the police surgeon to have the special characteristics only associated with a bullet fired at long range, extremely long range—in fact 3,000 yards. And that, I may say, was the exact distance of the yacht's anchorage from the 500 yards firing point on the private rifle-range in Sir Charles Bransbury's park, *and* it was in the direct line of fire. I confess that I had my eye on the criminal from a fairly early stage, but nobody will quarrel with Mr. Rhode even if they spotted their man right at the start, because *Shot At Dawn* is developed in that incalculable way which keeps one's attention at the stretch, until the very last page—I actually got a thrill out of the verdict of the jury! The Crime Club has selected the book, and I certainly could not better their selection from the detective novels that have come my way in the last few months.

As a novel Mr. and Mrs. Plunket Greene's *Eleven-Thirty Till Twelve* reads very well, but the murdering and the strings of coincidence which are brought in to hide the murder do not amalgamate with the realistic treatment of smart and worldly people, who are forced by the exigences of the plot to act and think on occasions quite out of character. Sir Max Odell, the unscrupulous financier, is found one morning at his Mayfair house stabbed with a paper knife from Asprey's. Nobody loved him, and almost every one who stood to gain by his death had chosen to visit him at the crucial time the evening before. In detective novels that depend on coincidence the reader generally falls back for his entertainment on spotting the murderer, either by a specific clue or on general grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Plunket Greene, doubtless out of a laudable wish to be fair to the public, make their murderer drop a clue that is more like a brick, and if the average reader does not seize on it, it will only be from the misgivings common to the habitual victims of unscrupulous authors.

The Secret of the Sandbank is of the hunt-the-slipper variety of detection. A lovely but ill-natured red-headed girl is found naked on the sandbanks, stabbed, gagged and bound. This sounds encouraging, but the tale continues a couple of octaves lower during the investigations of Detective Anstruther. Various scapegoats are relentlessly worried into accounting for their movements, while the only person we feel the authoress would allow to plunge that hatpin into a beautiful naked girl's breast is kept to the last. If our hopes had not originally been raised to expect more, the sober merits of Miss Plain's story would be better appreciated. Both American detective novels, *The House of Murder* and *The Crooked Lane* are undistinguished as examples of American detective work, though differing in type. *The House of Murder* is cleaned up by the Homicide Bureau of New York, and we know what that means. Armies of detectives continually being posted, everybody being "tagged," with the tabloid press in the background spurring on the Inspectors and Captains with ridicule of their competence. An eccentric old lady worth 100,000,000 dollars has to die, and several others, for all these forces to be deployed. Yet with all the hustle the story is slow and far too long. The smartest set in Washington provides the victim in *The Crooked Lane*, and the plot tosses from party to cocktail party—every chapter is headed "Party"—while a dazzlingly attractive police lieutenant from Vienna applies his Viennese training in an unprofessional way to lay bare the caddish murderer of a lovely dope fiend. He does it naturally, but at what a cost to his noble heart! The plot, which is too far-fetched in the first place, is not helped by the luscious padding.

The other two are thrillers. Admirers of Mr. Gregg's Inspector Higgins will rejoice that in *The Execution of Diamond Deutsch* he manages for once to expose a tough lot without serious personal injury—he is only stunned once. A financier (once more) loses £50,000 in notes from his secret safe in a lonely country mansion, while lying drugged beside his drugged family, which includes the loveliest daughter.

Scarweather is an antiquarian thriller. The Professor, the great, boisterous, bison-like Professor in the isolated house by the coast, professes to be an archaeologist with a taste for tumuli. Unfortunately others have studied tumuli as well, so when the Devil's Hump is actually opened in 1928—what a find!

Ralph Partridge

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The other part of the book consists of first-hand observation on the courtship, breeding habits, foraging habits, language and minds of terns from their arrival in the British Isles in spring till their departure in the autumn, illustrated by more than a hundred photographs, most of which are good and many first-rate. There are also several interesting sketches, some of which show how much can be learned from footprints left by the birds during their display. A great part of this field work is original, and it has been carried out with imagination, with patience and with skill. It is good to find observers many-sided enough to find out simultaneously about the language of terns, their courtship and display, their ability to recognise their own eggs in changed

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positions or disguised in strange colours, their travels, their mysterious panics, their population and its limits, their food and many other aspects. It is surprising to find how frequently these small but fearless birds have actually attacked the observers and drawn blood by stabs vicious enough to go through a tweed cap. Another curious fact carefully described by the authors is the arrival of the terns off the ternery in spring some days before they actually alight there, which they do for the first few occasions in the early mornings, roosting and spending the day elsewhere—a curious parallel to Mr. Eliot Howard's well-known observations on the establishment of territory by buntings. The existing methods of protection are strongly criticised by the authors, who do not believe that either shooting or egg-collecting has made the slightest difference to the numbers of our native terns. Their view, which they state very convincingly, is that the real need is for conservation of breeding sites, which are increasingly disturbed by golfers, bathers and bungalow builders, and, if possible, of their food resources as well. The book has obviously been a pleasure to make, and it is certainly a pleasure to read.

Mr. Pycraft's rather ambitiously named *Birds of Great Britain* is an introductory account of some problems of natural history for the benefit of those who take an interest in birds "but have yet little more, so to speak, than a nodding acquaintance with them." Making every allowance for this modest aim, Mr. Pycraft has surely been too carefree in many of his statements. Valuable as the work of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has been in certain directions, its warmest friends would hardly agree that "when this Society ceases to exist the doom of 50 per cent. of our British birds will be sealed." To say of the redwing, fieldfare and brambling "they depart in the spring to breed further north: breed here they could not" is unnecessarily reckless in view of the fact that odd pairs of two of these species have bred in Scotland during the past few years. Whether the author is indulging in generalisations about territory in bird life or launching out to attack the League of Nations in a chapter on Economic Ornithology, he seems unable to prevent his pen from running away with him. This is unfortunate, because he has sketched the ground-plan for an interesting book, and at his best he is a stimulating writer.

E. M. Nicholson.

RESTORATION ENGLAND

England in the Reign of Charles II. By David Ogg. *Oxford University Press.* Two Volumes. 30s.

The appearance of Mr. Ogg's long-awaited study marks the resumption of the writing of the history of the seventeenth century on the large scale, and his work can be regarded as a continuation of what Gardiner began and Professor Firth continued. But the scale is diminished, and where Gardiner would have taken ten volumes Mr. Ogg is content with two. The change is probably salutary, as it is certainly congenial. Moreover, Mr. Ogg's writing has vigor and humour as well as the marks of erudition, and the humour, which sometimes seems half-unconscious, enlivens a narrative of unusual solidity. In the result an unexpected charm is achieved, as in the remark that considering the great extent of their legal immunities it is surprising that so few peers committed manslaughter in the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Ogg's thesis in this many-sided study may be stated in his own words:

> Charles II brought English kingship to its highest point of power almost immediately before the application of devices intended to make it fool-proof. In comparison, the prerogative wielded by the Tudors was simpler, as it had fewer religious sanctions, and Englishmen were the less critical; Charles, on the other hand, came to England on the crest of a great wave which, sweeping away every vestige of republicanism or political experiment, revealed the divinely-planned foundations on which the earlier Stuarts had attempted to construct their power. It was the industrious and conscientious James who, in record time, succeeded in destroying these foundations, thus eliminating the religious element altogether, and bequeathing to parliament such effective control over a limited and safe-guarded kingship that opportunities for royal genius or even individuality became thenceforth more rare. This is the central point of interest in the history of England between the Restoration and the Revolution; for in these years one king demonstrated how long he could retain control of a delicately-adjusted but dangerous mechanism, while his brother showed in how short a time he could be destroyed by it.

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leviathan, in whose belly cowered his subjects, as did Jonah, sharing whether they would or not in all the movements of the whale, risking the possible dangers of digestion in order to avoid the certain death which lay in the waters outside; as mere passengers unjustified in offering even a suggestion regarding the navigation; but, as intimate parts of the monster's anatomy, incurring in the eyes of the outside world a corporate responsibility, not to be evaded, for the gyrations, however eccentric, of the organism into which they were merged."

The real meaning of the restoration of the "king in parliament" was differently and more accurately expressed by Clarendon, in his gracious words to the Long Parliament of the Restoration. "It is the privilege," he said, "if you please, the prerogative of the common people of England to be represented by the greatest and learnedest and wealthiest and wisest persons that can be chosen out of the nation, and the confounding of the Commons of England which is a noble representation, with the common people of England was the first ingredient in that accursed dose which intoxicated the brains of men with that imagination of a commonwealth." The period, in short, of the consolidation of the ruling class had in fact already begun. It was a development consonant with the social philosophy of Newcastle—that ceremony, order and force governs all and keeps every man and everything "within the circle of their own conditions."

Of especial value is Mr. Ogg's account of the Privy Council, the nebula from which the separate departments were subsequently evolved. It was the great clearing house of government, presided over by the king, a secret body employing an elaborate committee system dealing with every sort of question. Matters of national and others of merely local importance were dealt with. The monetary value of gold coins, the use of gilt by coachmakers, the sweeping of streets in Westminster alike enjoyed its attention. Sometimes its business was that of a law court, adjudicating in a matter of wardship, deciding a disputed assessment or hearing a lady's complaint of ill-usage by her husband. The Council was utilising the services of the expert and the specialist, and while the principles of constitutional monarchy remained still unconceded, its framework was being already pieced together. As Mr. Ogg puts it: "Under the later Stuarts the foundations of a modern and efficient administration were being laid."

The achievement of this age, above all others the one nearest our own in spirit, was best exemplified in its thinkers, in Hobbes, the prophet Mr. Ogg maintains of Restoration England, in Locke and in Halifax. Hobbes concealed his anti-clericalism beneath a thick undergrowth of scriptural quotations and entered the fold as a wolf thickly covered with wool. He devoured, as Mr. Ogg says, many of the choicest specimens in the flock. But the period also created the public opinion that made realisable the ideals of Locke, and in Halifax its best temper was supremely exemplified. It is not an accident that Halifax's "character" of Charles II is the best we possess: "His wit was better suited to his condition before he was restored than afterwards. The wit of a gentleman and that of a crowned head ought to be two different things."

Good nature is the quality which Mr. Ogg, following Clarendon, regards as the outstanding national characteristic, "a virtue which, surviving Plague, Fire and Plot, provided a basis for the training of those qualities which enable men to co-operate harmoniously in the life of the well-ordered state." It was a virtue which survived even the work of intellectual destruction brought about by Hobbes, whom Mr. Ogg compares in this respect with Calvin and with Lenin. The age ended in the triumph of good sense, of proportion and perspective. Its most representative figure was Halifax, who believed that good sense should give way to common sense, and private conviction to peace and decorum.

Mr. Ogg's scholarly achievement is not equally strong in all its parts; it is perhaps too comprehensive in its scope. But he has written a fascinating if not a final account of Restoration England.

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A NEW WAY WITH ANSON

Commodore Anson's World Voyage. By Vice-Admiral Boyle T. Somerville. *Heinemann*. 15s.

The story of Anson's voyage round the world has been many times told and retold for English readers, from the appearance of Richard Walter's standard biography in 1748 (edited as recently as 1928 by Mr. G. S. Laird Clowes) down to the present time. It has appeared in shortened form in every collection of sea voyages from Charnock downwards. But it is always based upon the same original material—the very full and vivid narratives of the voyage left behind by certain officers who took part in it. Anson was lucky to have these diarists with him, and in at least one instance he fully appreciated the fact. The story of his Pyrrhic victory, in which success was achieved only at the expense of more than half the lives committed to his care, is handed down to posterity much as he would have told it himself—that is, from the quarter-deck point of view. But it is told so simply and vividly that posterity has unhesitatingly accepted it as it stands. There has never been a better "documented" voyage. For that we have to thank the principal narrators—Richard Walter, the Chaplain, Lieutenant Brett, Pascoe, Thomas, the schoolmaster, John Philips, midshipman, and Anson's own reports.

It was Admiral Somerville's idea—or so it would appear from his preface—to take these exceptionally good original authorities and link them together in a continuous narrative, only intervening himself for editorial purposes or to fill in any blanks that might occur in the story. The advantages of the method are manifest. You get a freshness and a note of authenticity that can never be reproduced at second-hand. The book is extraordinarily readable and has, in a high degree, the quality of taking the reader back to the scenes described. But Admiral Somerville might have carried his idea a little farther. He might have confined his editorial comments entirely to footnotes, or to separate chapters, so that the whole of the text would have appeared in the original language of the eighteenth-century writers, with no more than an asterisk to show when the story switched from one diary to another. That was the bold method employed with notable success by Professor C. S. Terry in his well-known reconstructions of the rebellions of the Fifteen and the Forty-five, and one cannot help regretting that it was not used in this case. It would have given an air of originality to this new version of an oft-told tale.

On the other hand, it is only fair to add that the editorial comments are always to the point and always well-informed. Admiral Somerville is at his best in dealing with such questions as the ravages caused by scurvy, of which Anson's unhappy voyage was, as he says, the classic instance; and he describes the conditions of naval warfare in the middle of the eighteenth century with a

wealth of technical detail, but with a vigour and lucidity that makes it easy for any layman to follow him. His admiration for the commander who, by sheer force of character, could surmount the appalling difficulties encountered on this voyage, and bring a remnant of his squadron back to port, is well and finely expressed.

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THE WORLD OF MOUNTAINS

Mountaineering. By SYDNEY SPENCER (Editor), E. R. BLANCHET, OLAF, BLOCH, P. BORCHERS, T. GRAHAM BROWN, E. J. GARWOOD, P. WYN HARRIS, W. P. HASKETT-SMITH, HENRY HOEK, G. N. HUMPHREYS, T. G. LONGSTAFF, C. F. MEADE, H. E. L. PORTER, W. RICKMER RICKMERS, HUGH ROGER-SMITH, G. R. SPEAKER, J. MONROE THORINGTON, A. M. WAKEFIELD, WILLIAM WEST, WALTER WESTON, CLAUDE WILSON, J. M. WORDIE, G. WINTHROP YOUNG. Lonsdale Library. *Seeley, Service.* 21s.

Alpine Pilgrimage. By DR. JULIUS KUGY. Translated by H. E. G. TYNDALE. *Murray.* 12s.

Why risk sound limbs on mountains? As Professor Graham Brown points out, "the early history of mountaineering shows clearly enough that there is little obvious appeal in mountain climbing." Hardly any of the really early climbers ever went up a second peak. The sport only established itself in the latter part of the nineteenth century, at first in the Alps, spreading thence to all the ranges of the globe. The facts are here in the Lonsdale volume more conveniently assembled than ever before.

Dr. Rickmer Rickmers in a racy, abrupt chapter soon makes non-Alpine Europe alone seem inexhaustible. The extent of his information is only less remarkable than the crispness with which he imparts it. He is indispensable to those who need a new region in which to climb. That Western Spain is almost unexplored; that fleas and malaria are more dangerous in Corsica than the bandits—who will welcome the stranger as a friend to relieve their solitude; that food, bedding and warmth are more evenly distributed in Scandinavia than anywhere else; that all the possible dangers of the Balkans taken together are as nothing to their political frontiers; that the orthodox way to inhabited tops in Thessaly is to be pulled up in a bag; that Sophia, where all the Bulgarian ranges come down together, is the best organised of the "wild" districts; that preparations for a Caucasian campaign would suffice for an expedition to Tibet—these among a thousand hints, with the necessary references, make this chapter an unrivalled introduction to adventure. Those, however, who prefer concentrated rock-climbing in more familiar places will turn to Mr. G. R. Speaker's advice on how not to be benighted in the Dolomites, or Dr. Claude Wilson's account of post-Alpine Club history. As a great pioneer of guideless climbing, who recalls a dusty drive in a diligence from Geneva to Chamonix, he has much to say that assists our perspective.

Equally useful for the Himalayas are Dr. Longstaff's chapters with an authoritative summary of the Everest story. Africa, New Zealand, the Americas, the Arctic, Japan—climbers intending to visit any of these will, for a decade, turn first to this volume.

Perhaps most mountaineers read about technique partly for the pleasure of disagreeing with the other fellow. Their chances of this are fewer here—not because matters of method become more settled, but because climbing theory has philosophised itself and shows a very pronounced taste for abstract language: "Proportionately to the angle of the slope, the use of the hands passes from the minimum to the maximum. Useless at first, they then become a means of support to preserve balance, and finally they are instruments of suspension and traction." Who could dissent from this? It is easier with the remark that *kletterschuhe* should be soled with crêpe rubber or felt and should never be allowed to get wet. The younger "tigers" of the British crags count the use of rubbers on wet rocks elementary in the craft and the thickness of crêpe is the point often used against it. So, too, with the advice that the pick of the axe should be used for anchorage in snow. It will not be clear to the novice how much depends on the way the axe is held. Such are the *minutiae* upon which the enthusiast indulges his passion when away from the hills. He will find plenty of food for discussion here.

"Mountaineering has been in the past the nearest approach to an international brotherhood which the world is likely to see for many years to come," writes Mr. Winthrop Young in the

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—J. L. GARVIN (*Observer*)

"We cannot but be impressed by the skill with which he has kept so many balls spinning simultaneously, and entertained by his strenuous, brilliant vivacity as a narrator."

—DESMOND MACCARTHY (*Sunday Times*)

(2) On the Military Operations

"Mr. Churchill has of necessity to write of campaigns, marches and battles; but lay readers need not be alarmed. He has set an example which it is to be hoped military authors will follow, by providing a profusion of sketch maps on which the main features of the operations are boldly marked."—*Times Literary Supplement*

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"They enable him to throw fresh light upon the mind and heart of Marlborough the man. As astonishing as anything of their kind known to biography are some letters from husband to wife."—J. L. GARVIN (*Observer*)

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course of some admirable remarks on mountain manners and the vulgarity of distracting public comparisons. How great the loss would be if this spirit of fellowship declined can be seen in Dr. Kugy's pages. The picture he gives of his first contact with the Alpine Club in its Alpine sanctum, the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt, is memorable among many notable invocations. "They sang me their British songs, and I gave them the songs of Carinthia." One feels that the punch must indeed have been excellent! He had come in to Switzerland for the first time over the Dufour Spitz by the Marinelli couloir—living up to his motto, "Immer Nobel," and so they welcomed him. What a vanished age; and in what a classic is it recorded! He has an eye and a pen which can catch "the guides who went by us with the heavy even gait of proved icemen," and "the rounded green cushions of *silene* pricked with red," as well as the dreadful recesses of the Aiguille Noir de Peuteret or the scimitar edge of the North Arête of the Grivola. A herculean figure early weighing eighteen stone, his strength was so great that on difficult rock or steep snow weight no longer counted. It made him able, in terrible weather at the top of the Brenva route on Mont Blanc, to wrestle all night for the lives of his companions, the two Maquinaz. "They were much exhausted, and despite warnings they wished to sleep. I could not allow this. Again and again I dragged them up from the ice, and woke them with blows." "So this grandest of all my nights went past us in thunder and fury."

The big and the little mountain adventures are equally recaptured. They range from chance meetings "on a summit, on an ice ridge, coming from opposite ways. You look keenly at one another, shake hands as strangers, without asking names; a rapid hint, a word of advice for the descent into the unknown, and good luck to your journey," to the miracle that saves the party when down the couloir crashes upon them the cataract of an ice avalanche. There are plenty of such miracles in this story. But without them few climbers of Dr. Kugy's standing would be alive.

Mr. Tyndale is to be congratulated on his translation. It never seems to be one where it should not. He has given us in a supple and sensitive English a book of Alpine adventures and meditations that may stand alongside Whymper and Mummery.

Dorothy Pilley.

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THE DRINK TEST

What Shall We Drink? By Magnus Bredenbek. *Laurie.* 5s
A Beginner's Guide to Wine and Spirits. By J. I. Davis. *Stanley Nott.* 3s. 6d.

The first of these books is a handbook for post-prohibition Americans, and perusal of its pages is likely to make sensitive Europeans feel inclined to sign the pledge; even the most hardened will turn pale. Its pages are filled with recipes for cocktails, punches, cups, fizzes, rickeys, juleps, fixes, egg noggs, pousse cafes, cobblers, bishops, sours and shrubbs. Mr. Bredenbek gives recipes for seventy kinds of punch alone and no doubt several of them are pleasant drinks. The "Old-fashioned Elks Fizz" is typical of many recipes which are not likely to appeal to the European palate.

> In that goodly brotherhood of the B.P.O.E., in days of auld lang syne, the Elks fizz was supreme. Here's how the newcomers of the order can mix one: Cracked ice in the shaker first, then add an ounce and a half of rye whisky, an ounce and a half of Port wine, the partly whipped white of one egg, the juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful of gum, and shake thoroughly, straining into thin goblet or fizz glass, adding vichy or seltzer and topping with a thin slice of lemon, orange, or pineapple. And there you are!

Mr. Bredenbek does not mention White Lady cocktail, or give the true recipe for a Kentucky Mint Julep, which must be made in a jug with cracked ice, a big nosegay of mint, and Rye or Bourbon Whisky. Instead of that, he advises the use of crême de menthe and brandy. But it is when he begins telling us about wine that the fun begins. This is culled from an epicure's perfect dinner:

> With the roast he would serve a Burgundy (sparkling, of course!) and in this case I will let him add that it be either Pommard, Bon Veaune or Chambertin of the vintage of 1926. (I still smack my lips over tasting all three!)

Oddly enough, in spite of his partiality for mixtures of whisky and port, Mr. Bredenbek is full of solicitude for our digestions.

> Seriously, I would strongly advise against using any wines with shellfish or salads, above all things.

Has he never heard of Chablis with oysters, or eaten green salad with dressing made with red wine instead of vinegar?

> May I also point out a number of rules which have come down through centuries of wine usage by connoisseurs? . . . Never serve more than one glass of wine to each course, and when it is finished with the course, serve the next wine in the order outlined. Avoid excess at all times. Never call for a second helping of wine for any course if you are a guest. As host or hostess, never proffer a second glass to any course. . . . Avoid spilling on tablecloth. There should be no excuse for this if the glass is only half-filled, as social etiquette demands.

Mr. Bredenbek is aware of the dangers that lie in wait for all.

> Yes, the French are as subtle as their wines, past masters in the art that Al Smith calls "baloney." I have heard it charged . . . that many French wineries are importing American vintages to mix with their native non-vintage wines and are exporting them again to America to be sold as Château this and Château that. Well if this be true, it wouldn't be surprising that such skilful vintners as the French have learned that our grapes have a richer flavour, finer bouquet and more splendid "body" than any grown in Medoc, Burgundy, Bordeaux, the Gironde district, the Rhone, or even in Anjou, Touraine and the Loire country.

It is comforting to turn from the valiant ignorance of this Ajax-like champion of sparkling burgundy to Irving Davis's admirable *Beginner's Guide*, which is one of the most sensible books on wine that I have read, and which is obviously badly needed in America. Mr. Davis begins modestly by saying: "If this book has any merit at all, it is its lack of originality," and he is right not to put forward eccentric judgments in an elementary guide. Its great merits are the delightful clearness with which he states the facts and that he does not regard wine as a "mystery," but as the staple drink of civilised mankind.

> Wine should properly be regarded as a necessity of life, second only to bread. For millions of workers wine and bread and oil constitute the principal elements of a healthy diet. There are no reasons except political and financial ones why this should not be the case in England.

I once lived on this diet myself, somewhat to the surprise of the young Quakers in the War Victims Relief Mission who preferred a diet of sardines and chocolate. I never worked harder or enjoyed better health and was the only member to escape diarrhoea. Mr. Davis might have mentioned the wine of Roussillon and still champagne, but there are bound to be many omissions in such a small book. Except that he is rather unjust to gin, I can find no fault with his judgments.

David Garnett

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC

The Theory of Musical Evolution. MARGARET H. GLYN. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

Quite recently we were told by an important critic and historian of music that it would be better to abandon the idea that an evolutionary process could be detected in the history of music. There was, I believe, some reference to the exploded theories of Mr. Darwin and a definition of evolution as continuous movement towards greater perfection. Margaret Glyn, in her important and profoundly searching work does not seek to defend such an extreme proposition, and indeed rejects any system involving regular evolutionary periods.

Her method is almost purely musical and while she acknowledges the art to be a social function it is outside of her intention to touch upon matters such as changes in social forms, as Mr. Rutland Boughton has courageously tried to do. She sees clearly that whatever consequences these exterior influences may have possessed they will have operated by the elaboration of fresh musical concepts and techniques and the suppression of old ones. Her theory is concerned therefore with the development and particularly the origins of musical elements. It is an essay in Creative Emergence.

Her treatment begins with the recognition of tone as individual and presumably emotional utterance, while its organisation into music is the result of the communal and musically vital element of rhythm. In the case of primitive man, to whom concerted action is a life necessity, simple repetition of the rhythmic unit suffices. On the other hand, she says that "everything tends to show that the composition of melody is individual rather than communal from the earliest times." Harmony, which is ultimately to be identified with consonance, is similarly a communal element, while the introduction of dissonance into music is the responsibility of melody.

The mechanism of the evolutionary process as she sees it consists in the interplay of these communal and individual elements in music, the communal being conceived as the static and the individual as the dynamic component. Regular or strict rhythm, and consequently strict forms, are due to the communal or imitative sense, or appear as the degeneration of former dynamic achievements, while free rhythm and form are ascribed to the individual. Thenceforward her analysis of the historical achievement of the art, characterised everywhere by the keenest penetration, seeks to disclose this type of interaction.

One of the greatest merits of Margaret Glyn's book is that it is not based upon exclusive attention to Western Music. Her immensely interesting chapters on Asiatic Tonality, the Tāla of the East and the music of the Eastern Empires, clearly prove, I think, that her system can serve as an efficient solvent for their materials. Eastern music, she points out, has a non-consonant and individual nature, being almost exclusively melodic. Where concerted it is heterophonic and not harmonic; harmony, indeed, being absolutely unknown to the East. While the conflict of Eastern and Occidental styles is irreducible the two nevertheless meet; significantly and with considerable profit she introduces her discussion of Plainsong in the chapter on Asiatic Tonality. One gets much farther thus than by flabbily falling back on the Holy Ghost, as the critic mentioned in the first paragraph has done. It is good to see, moreover, that the glorious melodic possessions of the Coptic Church, far richer than that of the Roman, are beginning to interest historical theoreticians. It is probable, as she declares, that we may possess here the clue to ancient Eastern music, probably a very different thing from the contemporary practice. During the discussion of Ancient Chant, upon page 92, she approaches the Christian chant again, with especial reference to the interplay of individual and communal forces. The paragraph deserves abridged quotation.

> Religious music was originally looked upon in two ways: firstly as an aid to inspiration, secondly, as a protection against evil spirits. The one appealed to the individual, the other to the crowd. Religious chant is primarily an individual production . . . and this was the method of the early Christian Church. . . . As time went on room had to be made for choral song. Thus was developed the Responsorial method. Short echoes of phrases were repeated chorally. The solo chant continued, but the people responded . . . with *unvarying* refrain.

The italics, which are mine, draw attention to the static nature of the communal element.

Margaret Glyn's chapter on Discant must finally dispose of any lingering belief that counterpoint could have evolved from that ecclesiastical barbarism. Discant arises from mere variation of vocal compass and has no inherent vitality. The illuminating chapter on Counterpoint sets out to prove that the whole glory of the Tudor achievement, "the greatest expression of music that the world has known," derives from thirteenth-century English folk-singing. It would be hardiness to say that it can be proved, yet if the vital point is the introduction of the third and the sixth into harmonic theory, then Riemann's discovery that the thirteenth-century William Odington was the first to do this becomes exceedingly important. This genesis of glory, if proved, is clearly a case of communal assertion against the withdrawn and unsocial practice of discant and organum. The beautiful Reading rota, Summer is icumen in (even if the work of a monk) cannot possibly be an offshoot of such practices.

After the section on sixteenth-century polyphonic achievements, I confess her treatment seems a little barren. The emergence of opera, for instance, is recounted too much as historical narration. Nor does she do full justice to her theory, I think, in her discussion of the transference of music to instruments and the consequent modifications of technique that involved. She might have paid more detailed attention to the Italian instrumentalists, and her mistake in referring to the Spanish *vihuela* as the *vihuelista* (the player) suggests that her neglect of the Iberian stream of development is due to incomplete acquaintance with the materials. And hereabouts, one begins to doubt whether, after all, a satisfactory account of musical evolution can be given without reference to social change. Her many judgments upon musicians are often extremely sound, though perforce summary. I do not know what is meant by the statement that Schubert "took in his stride the paraphernalia of the sonata without even appearing to be aware of its existence." Elsewhere I have urged an examination of the great unfinished sonata in C major of 1825 and this remark prompts me to do so again.

But these, and other strictures which might be passed upon her estimate of Weber, are not intended to obscure the very fine qualities of a valuable book. *The Theory of Musical Evolution* is an exceedingly intelligent and sinewy attack upon a difficult problem.

RALPH BATES

Autumn Successes

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All England is laughing over this modern 'Candide.' *3rd Impression. 7s. 6d. net.*

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HAMISH HAMILTON: PUBLISHER

WISDOM OF THE EAST

The Way and Its Power: A Study of the Tao Tê Ching and Its Place in Chinese Thought. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

While Oriental literature, sculpture and painting are increasingly admired by the fastidious, interest in Oriental philosophy is still too usually confined to woolly-headed theosophists, followers of Keyserling, and wives of American business-men. The Wisdom of the East has become the folly of the Middle West. But even if many Oriental teachers and most of their Occidental disciples are inept, it is merely provincial to dismiss all Eastern thought as unimportant. The difficulty is to discover what Eastern thought really is. The soundest linguistic scholars are usually narrow specialists, without the imagination required for translating ancient writings into terms expressive of their true meaning, or for relating them to modern thought. But Mr. Waley (whose scholarship is authoritative) is bent on understanding what is going on in modern Europe as well as in ancient China; and indeed admits that he "cannot believe that the study of the past has any object save to throw light on the present." Reading Granet's *La Pensée Chinoise*, one is frequently fascinated, but one has the impression that the ancient Chinese belonged to a different species to ourselves. Mr. Waley, on the other hand, not by far-fetched fancies but by a catena of quotations, shows us the Chinese of the third century B.C. asking questions and finding answers analogous in their diversity to some of the more important currents in European philosophy. Personally, I cannot help regretting that he has for the moment deserted pure literature, such is my admiration for him as a stylist. And the literary value of the *Tao Tê Ching* does not appear to be remarkable. But the introduction which occupies about half of his new book is of intense and even topical interest.

As far as I can understand there were a number of schools in third-century B.C. China competing, and to some extent overlapping. The Confucians were elaborating the ideal of the gentleman, attaining calm, benevolence and a wise moderation by insistence upon the hierarchy of the family and the exercise of a complicated etiquette. There were the pietists who maintained that the educated must not form a separate class supported by the labour of others, allowing themselves to be "completed" at the expense of other people's "incompleteness." They therefore preached and practised an ascetic simplicity of life. There were the hedonists who sought the perfection of the individual life by the enjoyment of beauty, justifying man's pleasure in feasting, scents, music, love, and the liberty of the mind to stray where it willed. There were the Realists who held that pity for individuals entailed cruelty to the community; these reproved alike the futility of the old superstitions, the individualism of the hedonists, the philosophy of the Confucians, and the humanitarianism of the pietists. "The enlightened ruler pays attention only to facts and to ideas that are of practical use at the moment. He does not concern himself with benevolence and morality, or listen to the empty discourses of learned people." And there were the Quietists, who agreed with the Realist in despising learning, etiquette, morality and the pursuit of sophrosyne, and sought individual perfection not in the enjoyment of material beauty but in desirelessness, maintaining that this gave them not only immunity from the exterior world but also power over it. They developed a technique for perfecting desirelessness in trance by fixed staring and breathing exercises, probably learnt from India. In this way all problems were settled, all contradictions reconciled, and they lived in harmony with the universe, accepting the laws of nature. "To become holy" (I quote Granet), "To become holy one must first become stupid: that is to say learn from children, beasts, and plants the simple and joyful art of living only for life." Such teachings as these have on occasion enjoyed some success in Europe, and to-day appeal to many who are disquieted or disgusted by the greed of competition and the unintelligent worship of the machine. There are, of course, quietist elements in the Gospels, as indeed in most mystical writings. The hesychasts of fourteenth-century Byzantium were quietists, who practised staring exercises, probably learnt from China: St. Catherine of Genoa, probably the most remarkable of all Western mystics, carried her quietism almost, if not quite, to the point of heresy; and in the seventeenth century Molinos, Madame Guyon and Fénelon himself were censured by the ecclesiastical authorities for their doctrine of "holy indifference." To-day the interest people take in quietism is usually in inverse ration to their intellectual powers. But *yoga* deserves scientific study; there is no doubt that breath-manipulation produces abnormal states of consciousness, which give ecstasy, and it is of practical importance to discover, for instance, the effect of these states upon man's normal physical and intellectual life. Unluckily quietist practices which might be of value to the extrovert usually attract those whose attention is already turned inwards.

Like all attempts (except those of a few poets) to describe or justify mystical experience, the *Tao Tê Ching* too often is merely paradoxical or even meaningless, including the usual useless attempts to define by negation. There is the antinomian view that morality is responsible for the existence of sin, reminding me of Blake. But let me quote one of the most lucid chapters.

> The people starve because those above them eat too much tax-grain. That is the only reason why they starve. The people are difficult to keep in order because those above them interfere. That is the only reason why they are difficult to keep in order. The people attach no importance to death, because those above them are too grossly absorbed in the pursuit of life. That is why they attach no importance to death. And indeed, in that their hearts are so little set on life, they are superior to those who set store by life.

This means, as Mr. Waley points out, that "the people are superior to their rulers: so that there is no chance of the State being well governed." It is a neat comment on the gloomy fact that in any political system power falls into the hands of the lovers of power, that lovers of power naturally use it more than is necessary, and that love of power is in itself a sign of moral inferiority.

Taoism, of which the *Tao Tê Ching* is an important scripture, has followed the customary course of religions, obscuring with ritual observances its original mystical core. The way of life advocated was never intended for ordinary people, and the odd thing is that quietism should ever have been recommended for the use of rulers. The activities of a St. Theresa are, however, evidence that mysticism can give energy to the practice of authority. The general reader can be advised to read Mr. Waley's book because it will be a fascinating addition to his knowledge of the history of human thought, while intellectuals who pride themselves on being practical will find in it a hint of the existence of forces which are not the less effective for being difficult to define and hitherto neglected by Western scientists.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A GREAT PUBLISHING ACHIEVEMENT

The Works of William Shakespeare. Gathered into one volume. *Blackwell.* 6s.

This edition of Shakespeare with its 1,280 pages for six shillings is the best value which has been offered by any publisher for several years, and its appearance is a credit not only to Mr. Basil Blackwell but to the Booksellers' Association, whose encouragement and belief in the book has rendered its production possible. It is a noble volume; its form is worthy of its contents. The page, with its double columns and very narrow margins reminiscent of a small ancient folio which has been clipped by the binders' shears, is decidedly attractive, and the plan of centring the name of the speaker makes it much easier to read the plays quickly or to look up a passage.

The paper is good; thin, opaque and tough. The actual machining, as might be expected, is not quite up to the standard of the rest of the book: on some pages a few lines may be too grey and others too black: the type employed is very black and does not give its best results on so hard a paper. But those are the only signs of mass production. The text is that prepared by Bullen for the Shakespeare Head Press, with modernised spelling.

The most distinctive feature of the edition is that the plays are arranged in "the chronological order of their composition," a plan which has not really so much to commend it as might appear at first sight. In the first place the chronological order is not known for certain, secondly, plays of Shakespeare are commonly read separately for their own sakes, and the reader who wishes to "approach the body of the plays as a vital and growing organism revealing the evolution of the poet's personality and genius" is likely to lose more than he gains by reading *The Merchant of Venice* between *King Richard II* and *King Henry IV, Part I.*

No one is likely to begin reading Shakespeare with *King Henry the Sixth*, Part I, which is put first, and it is not judicious to try to make him; better lead off with *The Tempest* like the first folio. But Mr. Blackwell has performed a public service and he deserves to sell a hundred thousand copies.

M. P.

THE EARLY FLAUBERT

November. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translated by FRANK JELLINEK. Introduction by JOHN COWPER POWYS. Illustrations by HORTENSE ANSORGE. *Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Flaubert has been unlucky in his translators. For some forty years there was a passage in the standard English version of *Madame Bovary* to which I used occasionally to turn for refreshment. It occurred in the description of Emma's wedding feast; the guests were straggling back across the fields from the mairie, enlivened by the music of an old fiddler, who brought up the rear; "he played"—I am quoting exactly—"by turns lowering and raising his neck the better to mark time for himself." Many readers who did not know the original French must have been faintly astonished at the antics of this reptilian old man, who was in other ways a completely normal and rather charming figure; for it was, of course, with the neck of his *violin* that he actually beat time. The mistake has been corrected, during the last year or so, in the most recent edition of the Marx-Aveling version; but it is typical of the translator's gothic that has added many strange effects to *Salammbo* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* of which Flaubert never dreamed.

An early piece, *Novembre*, is now added to this gallery of the English Flaubert. Its appearance was trumpeted by a circular in which the publishers claimed to have "discovered" a "hitherto unpublished" story. *Novembre* is, of course, with *Mémoires d'un Fou*, the best known of Flaubert's early works. It was begun probably during the summer of 1842, when Flaubert was twenty-one years of age, and finished on October 25th of the same year. Under the title Flaubert has written: "Fragments de style quelconque": an indication which the translator of the present edition has thought well to omit. Like most of the early pieces, it is lyrical and autobiographical, and here as in *Mémoires d'un Fou* (and afterwards in *Éducation Sentimentale*) the image of Élisa Schlésinger was in Flaubert's mind as he wrote. The influence of this early love-affair—an incident at Trouville when Flaubert was hardly more than a schoolboy—runs strongly through the *Premières Oeuvres*, and remained with Flaubert the whole of his life. *Novembre* is interesting as an early attempt to give shape to this ideal passion. It relates, in the first person, the sexual dreams of a young writer, the landscapes in which his desires take form, the glamour of women whom he sees in the theatre and the street, and the first dazzling experience of love with a woman—Élisa, of course, but here in the guise of a prostitute for whom the romantic poet could feel a fine frenzy. Elsewhere, in the essay on Bouilhet, Flaubert has given us a detached picture of his youthful imagination: the contempt of life, the devotion to art and love, the mingled ecstasies and despair. Several of his schoolfellows, true to their professions, committed suicide. And in this cult, the figure of the mistress, the ennobled prostitute, loomed large. *Novembre* is the passionate expression of such feelings; its very excess is a testimony to the attitude which produced it. Both characters in the story—the man and the woman—are equally victims of that *maladie de l'idéal* without which human beings (in literature, of course) could not remain alive; the poet chases some nymph of his imagination; the prostitute, who has sought for love in the arms of a thousand masters, is no nearer finding it than he. The two meet: this is at last the divine experience for which they have been waiting! She tells the story of her life, he goes away meaning to return; but when he comes back she has vanished for ever. So the search begins again, but this time it is disillusioned. The narrative changes to the third person, and we are given a portrait of the man as he grows old, as everything in him dies except the ideal, until he too dies in obscurity.

There are superb passages in *Novembre*. It can be read—apart from the interest of its authorship—with pleasure and a certain degree of excitement. Perhaps only Flaubert could have depicted so vividly these excesses of the imagination; but the excess becomes monotonous, the images are too often trite. He realised that he was bursting with a poetry which must be written, and he knew that it was a bad poetry. Even in this story the narrative shifts from present to past and from the personal to the objective. His instinct made him put these experiences behind him. In *Éducation Sentimentale* the emotions and ideals which welled up in *Novembre* are perfectly externalised; and in *La Tentation de St. Antoine* Flaubert succeeds, for the first and last time in his life as a writer, in giving complete expression to the lyrical poetry of his mind.

Any young writer except Flaubert would have published *Novembre* immediately. It would have given him at once a

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reputation of a sort. Flaubert never published it; and he was right. What the story needs now, on its appearance in English, is a good critical introduction. Unfortunately Mr. John Cowper Powys has been chosen for the task, and he contributes an "essay" which is completely worthless. "The real mystery of Flaubert; how difficult it is to solve!" he begins; and piles mystery on mystery. After the "glacial" *Bovary*, the "fuliginous, obscene" *Antoine*, we are invited to revel in the "long-rolling, thunderous rhythms" of *Novembre*. It is fairly obvious that Mr. Powys enjoys only the adolescent in Flaubert, and when he comes to speak of the adult man ("the Master"), he conjures up the image of a "necrophiliast," a "paranoiac" who is as much like Flaubert as Mr. Powys's Glastonbury spooks are like the inhabitants of Croisset. The translation of Flaubert's text, by Mr. Jellinek, though very far from being perfect, deserves a rather better send-off. The pictures by Miss Hortense Ansorge are a mistake. The printing is good.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Claudius the God. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Barker.* 10s. 6d.
Caesar is Dead. By JACK LINDSAY. *Ivor Nicholson.* 8s. 6d.
The Proud Servant. By MARGARET IRWIN. *Chatto and Windus.* 8s. 6d.
The Foundry. By ALBERT HALPER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
The Land of Plenty. By ROBERT CANTWELL. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.
Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl. By HANS FALLADA. Trans. by ERIC SUTTON. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

With the sensations of a Phineas Fogg, the reviewer returns from an expedition that has taken him across half the world and through periods of its recorded history as remote from one another as the death of Julius Caesar and the arrival of the great American slump. Ancient Rome provided the starting-point of this odyssey. Both Mr. Jack Lindsay and Mr. Robert Graves have recently published historical novels based on Roman themes; and Mr. Lindsay now follows up his spirited defence of Lucius Sergius Catalina by a novel entitled *Caesar is Dead*, while Mr. Graves pursues his protagonist into later life. His second volume has all the qualities of the first; in *I, Claudius*, Mr. Graves stopped short at the moment when Claudius, the stammerer, the fool of the family, was acclaimed emperor by the mutinous Praetorian Guards, and in *Claudius the God* he continues his account of that strange, improbable and rather pathetic career, till Claudius himself meets a violent end. Unlike Caligula, Claudius was poisoned. Mr. Graves has already given us an extremely vivid portrait of the crafty, pedantic personage whose survival, amid a holocaust of friends and relations, was a supreme instance of the advantages of lying low; and his new book enlarges and completes the picture. Claudius is still odd and idiosyncratic; Mr. Graves, though he protests that, during the preparation of his novel, he has had recourse to a long and imposing list of classical authorities, still treats his noble Romans with the same easy and endearing familiarity as if they were the inhabitants of a small Oxfordshire village and welcomes the Muse of History with a slap on the back. As though to explain that he will not tolerate her airs and graces, he has chosen for subject the least magnificent of Roman rulers.

Mr. Lindsay's approach is far more conventional. True, he has spared no pains to present a panorama of the Roman scene in which every grade of society finds a place—a broad bustling composition full of colour and violence; and yet the past is always the past, and the somewhat keyed-up rhythm of certain passages provides an amusing foil to the loose, discursive and picturesquely irregular method by which Mr. Graves prefers to unfold his story. There are occasions when Mr. Lindsay grows melodramatic:

> Would they ever have the chance to slay? Time passed, told in the thick pulsations of the blood. Time was hammering like a fugitive at a dark door. Let me in. Let me out. It made no difference. Caesar must die. Lonely were they all, lost wayfarers looking for a window with a light in it. They would be lonelier yet, for death must come. To realise the brotherly compact of action: in that was the only solace and release.

—whereas Mr. Graves' style is unpretentious and almost naive. It is possible that he is farther in spirit from the Rome of antiquity; but his touches of anachronism manage to convey the accent of life.

Thus, *Claudius the God* is a delightful book. One of the most entertaining figures depicted by Mr. Graves in his second volume is Herod Agrippa; and he has woven a fascinating story round the adventures of the dissipated, impecunious but exceedingly resourceful Jewish princeling, brought up in Rome, who after his return to his own kingdom executed St. James and imprisoned St. Peter. About this episode, as about the narrative of Claudius' foreign campaigns and tragic matrimonial mishaps, there is a kind of hobgoblin homeliness that is probably Mr. Graves' greatest charm. He refuses to be awed by his Roman background. It is a long journey from Rome under the emperors to Scotland during the English civil wars, when Montrose was raising troops to fight for the King; but Miss Irwin, author of *The Proud Servant*, seems, like Mr. Jack Lindsay, to relegate her protagonists to a position where we examine them through a thin, transparent, yet nevertheless always quite perceptible, veil or glaze. Lively as they are, we cannot forget that they belong to the past, to a mysterious region that we ourselves cannot hope to penetrate—a drowned city viewed through the waters on a clear day. In other respects, Miss Irwin is remarkably successful; her book is skilfully and neatly constructed from beginning to end.

The next phase of the expedition is in North America. Here is contemporary industrialism, the strife of capital and labour, the enormous thunder-cloud of the financial slump. *The Foundry* is an immense improvement on Mr. Albert Halper's previous novel, *Union Square*, of which my chief recollection is that the hero was consumptive and had a habit of spitting, lengthily and disgustingly, towards the end of almost every paragraph. His new novel, which deals with an electrotype foundry in Chicago, is a much solider, better-written and generally more impressive piece of work. Written in a style that borrows something from James Joyce, *The Foundry* is often ponderous, now and then a little turgid, and yet, contrary to expectation, the effect it makes is never entirely dull. Mr. Halper's style gains energy from its volcanic subject, from the plant itself, a crowded inferno of men and machines, where every machine hammers its separate tune. The three partners, who own the business, are brilliantly characterised; and the Slump appears to provide a dramatic finale.

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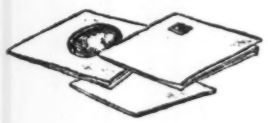

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No use to shut your eyes

FASCISM AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION. R. PALME DUTT. *Martin Lawrence, Ltd.* 5*s*.

THIS IS not a review: it is an advertisement, and if THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has any readers who are not interested in advertisements, those readers had better go on to the next page at this point. This advertisement is presented in this form because Martin Lawrence, Ltd., who are responsible for it, want to say a great deal about an important book within the compass of a page; and a layout such as this allows them the maximum number of words without, they hope, losing the reader's interest.

The important book is Palme Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution*, which has been published at 5*s*. More than 5,000 people have bought and read this book since it was issued in July last. [A fellow publisher has actually bought forty-three copies at the time of writing, and has given away forty-two of them.]

We are the first to admit that 5,000 is not a large number of buyers for so important a book: we believe, in fact, that the figure by no means indicates its potential market; and we believe also that its sales would have already been three times as great had it not been deliberately boycotted by the "right-wing" press of this country. That is a serious accusation, but it is an accusation rooted firmly in truth.

"EXPONENT OF MARXISM."

Palme Dutt is a name with which every political journalist and reviewer in Britain is familiar. These gentlemen are as fully aware as we are of Palme Dutt's importance and of his position, adequately summed up by this journal, as the "leading exponent of Marxism" as applied to this country.

Palme Dutt, knowing that Marx himself stated precisely and lucidly exactly what he meant to say, does not waste his own or anyone else's time in writing little books which try to prove that, in fact, Marx said nothing of the sort; and that when he said "black," what he really meant to say was "white." In *Fascism and Social Revolution*, Dutt has written a scientific history of the growth and decay of the capitalist world order; and by applying to his facts the simple analysis of social history which was the great and imperishable strength of Marx, has shown that the road along which Capitalism, aided by Social Democracy, is being impelled is in fact the road to Fascism.

His book is no social fantasy. Every statement in it is documented as carefully as a surgeon counts the forceps which he uses in an abdominal operation. As the monthly circular of the *Labour Research Department* said when speaking of the extreme care with which he has marshalled his facts: "This form of documentation, safe from the faintest possible suggestion that the evidence has been rigged or the jury picked, Dutt has assembled and presented at every stage of this complete and indispensable analysis of the basis and purpose of Fascism and its foster-mother, Social Democracy. From Mussolini and Mosley to Scheidemann and Bauer, the leaders of Fascism and of Social Democracy are permitted out of their own mouths to explain and reveal their true roles in the development of the present period."

The *Times Literary Supplement*, which was the only right-wing paper to pay even scant attention to *Fascism and Social Revolution*, referred to it as a "fine example of the logic of fanaticism." Doubtless a *Times Literary Supplement* of an earlier age referred in similar terms to the propositions of Euclid.

"INCOMPARABLY THE BEST."

Those who are not willing to shut their eyes to the social trends which must profoundly influence their own lives, or those who are convinced that a host of pious resolutions, which have no relation to the march of history or to the reality of intentions, cannot stop the march of Fascism, have hailed this work in terms that only confirm our own unshakable belief in its importance. John Strachey, whose own books on the subject of Fascism have been read by a considerable number of readers of this paper, declares that "this is incomparably the best work on Fascism that has yet been written."

It is. Publishers, we know, if only in intellectual self-defence, are impelled to claim for the books they publish a merit which, they must constantly be aware, those books do not possess. Here we suffer from no doubts whatever. This is, as Strachey says, a book which it is the duty of every anti-Fascist in the world not only to read but to master thoroughly every word of it.

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Another novel, also American, that has to do with modern industrial life, is *The Land of Plenty*, by Robert Cantwell; but here the factory stands on the lake-shore and turns out doors and office-desks. At least half the narrative proceeds in complete darkness; for, as the story opens, all the lights in the factory go out and the workmen, the manager, the efficiency expert who has been appointed by the owners to dismiss men and cut down costs, are plunged into Egyptian night—a predicament to which they respond in various ways. Given this theme, it is not surprising that the novel itself should be at times more than a little obscure. That Mr. Cantwell can write simply and effectively will be evident from the following passage, in which he is describing a forest-fire on the neighbouring hills:

> Two weeks before, the fire had started. It could be seen from town, looking at first like a new mountain pushing its way up behind the nearer hills. The great glaciers of smoke piled up and rolled in silent avalanches down its sides. As the days passed the peak dissolved and the rolls of smoke, heavier and thicker than clouds, drifted behind the wind. At night an indefinite red colour showed somewhere behind the smoke, colouring it dimly; sometimes the fire itself rose over the hills. During the hot days the smoke showed like a great tan canvas stretched tight from one horizon to the other, and underneath it the world looked dull and strange, the sharp colours and outlines disappearing or running into one another like objects under water.

—or from the description of a riot which concludes the book. *The Land of Plenty* is a novel that requires patience; but the patient reader will find much to reward his toil.

Lastly, the story of a German prison. *Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl*, says Herr Fallada, will eat out of it again and again. There is no escaping from prison-life; since prison breeds a psychology that unfits a prisoner for normal intercourse with other human beings. On this thesis, Herr Fallada has written a painful, brutal but uncommonly moving and absorbing book, the study of a prisoner both before and after his release, through all the misadventures and miseries that attend his efforts to earn an "honest" living, to the last episode where he returns to his prison-cell. He realises that he is "utterly at home" there. With a peaceful smile, he falls quietly asleep.

PETER QUENNELL

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PITMAN

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A DREAM POET

Poems of Ten Years (1924-1934). By DOROTHY WELLESLEY. *Macmillan. 7s. 6d.*

Lady Dorothy Wellesley is not an easy poet. Of all the post-war living poets who have combined quality with quantity of output she is probably the most difficult. She has been classed as a "Georgian," though, actually, she stands much closer to the Pan-Moderns. At least she is a connecting link; and among the several influences operating upon her that of Gerard Manley Hopkins is distinctly paramount. The change of manner, which took place about the middle of her verse career, is very discernible in such a passage as:

> Here by the fire-side I hear the bleating of lambs,
> Borne from the high fields docketed in Doomsday,
> Over by Quarry Shaw.
> And I know how they run, knock-kneed, getting the jim-jams,
> Distressed to their dams,
> Frenzied, frantic, knocking at the milk
> As ewe walks gently their extravagance to tease,
> Chewing a straw.

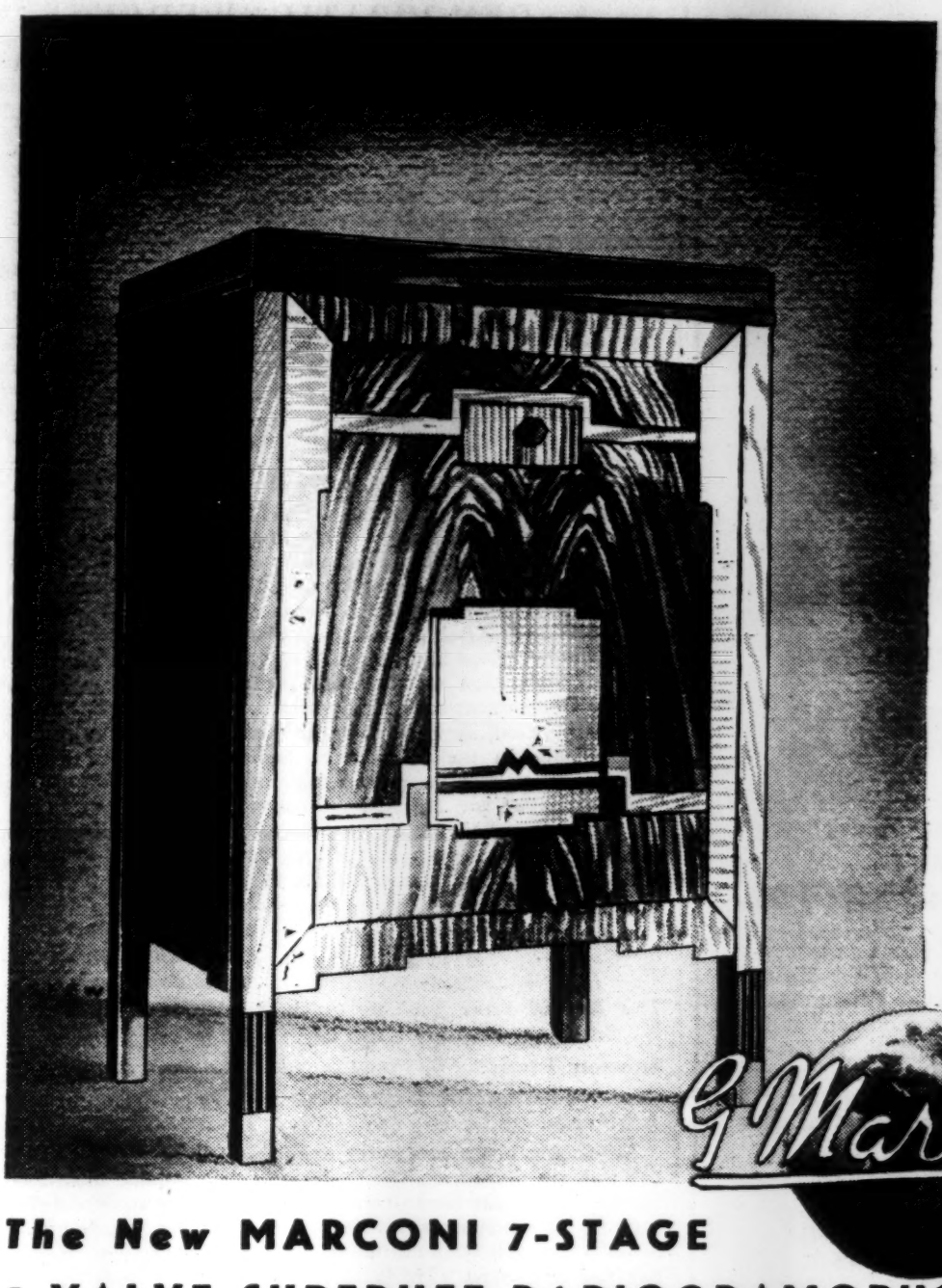
She is diffuse and indisciplined, uses words strangely and sometimes wrongly, trifles with nonsense, fumbles, mumbles, cultivates the obscure, and as soon as she gets going with a really beautiful rhythm drops it for some dingy prosaic whisperings. Yes, she does, now and again, write beautifully. And she is hyper-sensitive, and she has further aristocratic quality in that she occasionally uses fine phrases, and epithets of real felicity and power. Moreover, she has an enormous vocabulary, even more enormous than Susan Miles in her recent novel *Blind Men Crossing a Bridge*. In this she not only creates the illusion of jostling Shakespeare, but also of using all the words in the dictionary. Reviewers who have described her as a "simple poet" probably wrote about her in their sleep, unless it is that sleep is the right state of mind in which to approach her; for if she can be classed and defined at all it is as a dream-poet. It is not merely that she is somewhat illogical and can rarely visualise quite clearly, but she is so obviously immersed in a dream world, continually given to fantastical day-dreaming, the reproduction of night dreams, or groping back to a habit of mind as it was in her bizarre, kaleidoscope childhood:

> Here the deep-sea conger himself nosed a wild daffodil;
> The tiny sea-horse, alert, grappled the eglantine,
> And a flight of fishes perched on a cherry bough.

Moreover, she does sometimes, quite successfully, arouse a dream-state of mind in a reader; and here her erratic sense of sequence and muddle of imagery perform their right work. To what extent this is the result of the deliberate rather than the inarticulate it is difficult to say: though some of it must be very deliberate. But it is a pity that she should mar such good poems as *Camels in Persia* and *Fishing* by phrases like "a night scarce purple for many stars" and "lovely the mercury, the flutter of the sea." "Drat her!" one may be tempted to respond, "she beats round the bush like a ghost at the planchette. Why all this circumlocution, jumping of gaps, and oblique imagery?"

More definitely one might say of her that, when she gets away from profuse detail, she writes rather more with her nerves than with her heart and brain. Profound intellectual content there is little; religious and spiritual content there is even less (note, for instance, her curious pagan vision of Christ), and the creation of word-magic (the true mission of poetry) is continually shattered by her lack of simplicity and self-control. But in strange contradiction to all of this, Lady Dorothy Wellesley is a Nature poet, and huddles nervously into the circle occupied by Edmund Blunden and Miss Sackville West. She writes long, learned, and informing poems about horses, seals, moths, birds, garden flowers, forests, lilies of the valley, snakes, fishes, shells, the spring, and Primitive Man. If only there were less crowding of content and clearer delineation of image and scenery her real powers might emerge very effectively. Whether she is always correct about the vegetation and creatures which interest her only the omniscient can say; but, when she turns the multitudinous sheep of the Yorkshire Fells into the wild ponies of Wales and Exmoor, one is justified in feeling suspicious. At any rate she seizes continually upon the exceptional rather than the general, upon the remote or suggestive rather than the obvious, upon the blurred rather than the clear-cut, upon the dream rather than the vision, and upon the weird rather than the everyday. At present she wears her laurels round her neck; but it is not impossible that a future volume will elevate them to her head.

HERBERT PALMER



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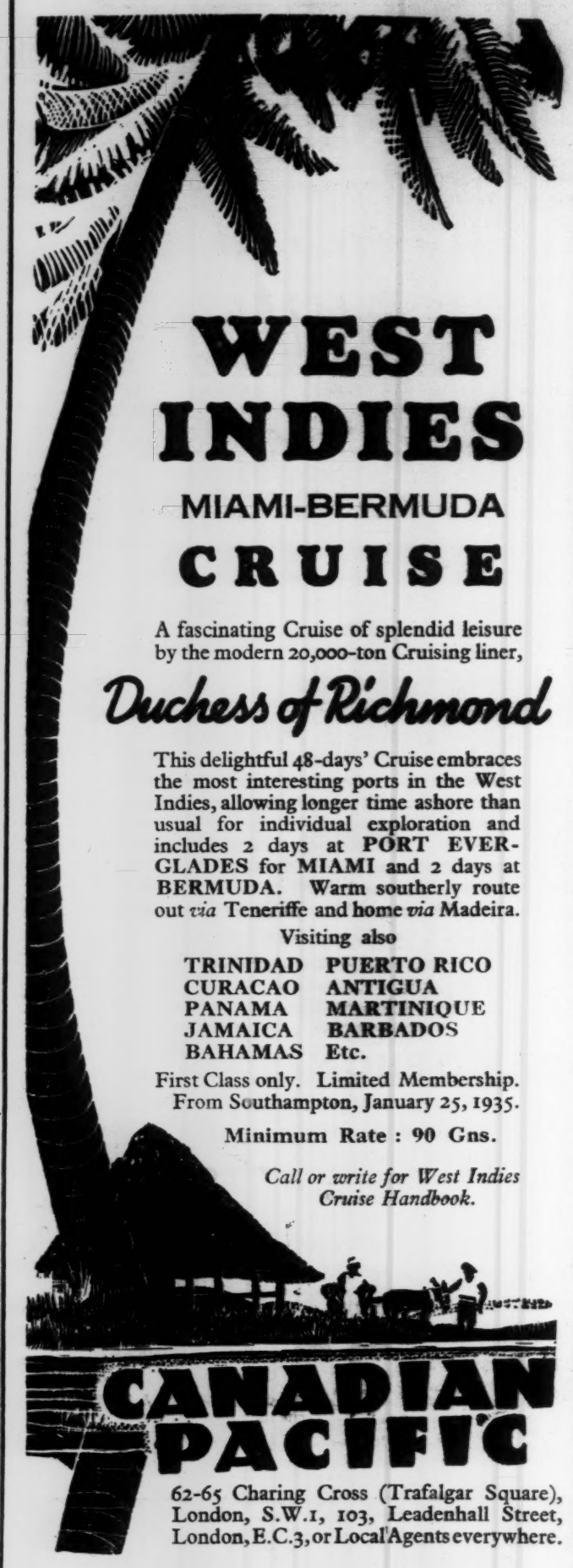
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A DEMOCRATIC WEDGE

Co-operation in Changing Italy. A survey by KARL WALTER (the Horace Plunkett Foundation). *King*. 2s. 6d.

The democratic Socialist hates Fascism, not only because it is an intolerable political system which destroys personal freedom, but also because its structure is incompatible with any intelligent economic organisation. Any sane economic and social idea that does arise under its *aegis* is likely to be crushed. Yet we can find historical precedents for the growth of valuable and important movements within the most tyrannical regimes. This is what Mr. Walter sees happening in Fascist Italy. He describes the co-operative movement in Italy: he sees it slowly making its way, undermining the Fascist structure, and he believes that Fascism must by its very nature not only tolerate but even further it.

Already it is proving, for many purposes, an efficient system of providing goods to consumers and prosperity to producers. And even Fascism has, in the long run, got to deliver the goods, or at least seriously to try to. No boasting, no broadcasting, no gibing at democracy's alleged inefficiency can save it from this necessity; and so it has to take the methods of reorganising the economic process where it can find them. It has barred the way to Socialism; co-operation may still be given a chance. Is it to be regarded as the method by which democracy may yet insinuate itself into a Fascist state?

Mr. Walter traces with much detail and ability the quick development of co-operation in Italy during the last few years, and shows that the Government has liberally helped. He holds that even the universally meddlesome "totalitarian" state must finally restore independence to the co-operative bodies. He quotes Fascist leaders who attempt to quieten their misgivings by saying that "In politics we are Fascists, in economics co-operators." But the two cannot be kept in watertight compartments nor can a despotic political system in the long run tolerate an economic democracy. One or other will have to go. J. B.

FISHING

The Art of Lake Fishing (with Sunk Fly). By SIDNEY SPENCER. *Witherby*. 10s. 6d.

Salmon Tactics. By PERCY E. NOBBS. *Allan*. 10s. 6d.

Tunny Fishing for Beginners. By FRED TAYLOR. *Seeley Service*. 5s.

All fishing books are worth writing, publishing and reading half a dozen times over, if only because they provide some food for the duffers who have stood up to their knees in snow and sleet flogging the waters in vain hopes of fish. *The Art of Lake Fishing* is full of extremely useful advice on boat management, playing fish and equipment. He favours twelve-foot cane rods for boat work, has a delightful chapter on fishing at night, and includes an account of the stocking of Trawsfynnyd Lake. It is a pity that he gives no advice on fishing solo from collapsible boats and canoes, such as can be carried up to remote mountain lakes. Mr. Nobbs, in *Salmon Tactics*, deals chiefly with fishing in Canada, and his book makes extremely depressing reading. The Nova Scotia rivers with the finest salmon in the world have been almost ruined by individual development and ruthless poaching; the *status quo* is just being maintained by Government hatcheries. Mr. Nobbs tells us that on one river he found a fish warden who "for some years kept his family well-fed on salmon parr, out of sheer ignorance of his job."

In Quebec there are scores of rivers in which the salmon have been destroyed, not by pollution but by obstruction. He includes a very valuable chapter on cooking salmon and on keeping them in good condition when caught.

The salmon fisheries of Eastern Canada produce only about 50,000 cwt. of fish per annum compared with the total of 75,000 for the fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland, and there is no river comparable with the Wye, which produces 1,000 cwt. of which 60 per cent. is rod-caught.

Yet the food supply is prodigious.

"One may spend days travelling down streams, grey with flies, and never see a fish rise to suck them down."

Mr. Taylor gives a good account of Tunny fishing as practised at Scarborough, but he is too careful not to enter upon such controversial matters as reels, lines, traces, and methods. These things

divide English Tunny fishers into violently opposing camps, and since people usually quarrel over fundamentals, Mr. Taylor leaves out a good many important points. It is surprising that nobody seems to use one of the smaller boats of the British Power Boat Co. for Tunny, since they are faster, more economical and far more comfortable in a seaway than the motor cables, which cost from £20 to £30 a week.

SHORTER NOTICES

Right Ho Jeeves. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

Opening a book by Mr. Wodehouse is like pushing through the swing-door into the bar of the best pub in a country town: one drink and rosy optimism flows and warms the cockles of the heart. The coal fire glows, the barmaid hums cheerily, and soon one is listening to the wittiest stories, told by splendid fellows. One cannot tear oneself away; one must stay right on till closing time, guffawing loudly. Thus each Jeeves book seems, while one is reading it, to be the best; indeed, to be the perfect example of its kind, and it is difficult not to believe that *Right Ho Jeeves* is the best of the saga. Certain differences can be noted: Bertie Wooster's slang has kept up with the times:

> I could see at a g. that the unfortunate affair had got in amongst her in no uncertain manner. Her usually cheerful map was clouded, and the genial smile conspic. by its a.

Bertie is here the diplomatist, arranging reconciliations for two couples whose engagements have been broken off in pique—and Jeeves is in the background: he is, as usual, a mere façade while Bertie lives and breathes. "When we Woosters put our hands to the plough we do not readily sheathe the sword."

Week-end Competitions

No. 243

Set by V. S. Pritchett

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for:

One line of quotation from English verse advertising any six of the following things: Bread, wireless valves, beer, lipstick, a General's memoirs, gas-masks, meat-extract, a perfume, a cruise, the new pedestrian crossings, woollen underwear and the telephone. The example is petrol: "Hail to thee, blithe spirit."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 16th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 241

Set by Winifred Holtby

Miss Rose Macaulay has just composed an anthology representing the Minor Pleasures of Life. Competitors are asked to compile a pocket anthology of six quotations from well-known authors representing six of the Minor Exasperations of Life. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by Winifred Holtby

When I set this competition I imagined that the difference between a discomfort, a misfortune and an exasperation was clear to all. I was mistaken. Among the examples offered me were major tragedies. Redling, for instance, sent me a "Walking Corpse":

> I am but a shape that stands here,
> A pulseless mould,
> A pale past picture, screening
> Ashes gone cold.

Rozanne finds exasperating—in a minor sense—

> The rarity of Christian Charity,

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HUTCHINSON

James Hall, the ecstacy of Keats:

> My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
> My sense . . . not thro' envy of thy happy lot
> But being too happy in thine happiness.

Try as I will, I cannot find exasperation in those experiences.

Certain discomforts of life were popular with competitors—toothache and sea-sickness or the after-effects of wine particularly. E. B. C. Thornett found an appropriate canto in *Don Juan :*

> He felt that chilling heaviness of heart
> Or rather stomach, which, alas ! attends,
> Beyond the best apothecary's art
> The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
> Or death of those we dote on, when a part
> Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends ;
> No doubt he would have been much more pathetic
> But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

Now to my mind sea-sickness may be a misery, a pain, a misfortune, or a danger. Circumstances alone can make it an exasperation. The presence of the person whom we wish most to impress ; the desire to see a yacht race or celebrated beauty-spot, the confinements or exposure of an inconvenient ship—these may transform the pestilence from one category to the other ; but with these the competitors did not provide me.

Nor do I consider Cynics, Disillusionment, Lies, Fatigue, and Frivolity as specially appropriate causes of this emotion. On the other hand, Candid Friends, Advice Givers, Missing Trains, Book Borrowers and Callers fit in admirably. Chauve-Souris and Marion Peacock both sent amusing entries, but their quotations were only appropriate when set under their own arbitrarily chosen titles. Here are Chauve-Souris' :

1.—Having to wear the modern hat :

> " Whence and what art thou, execrable shape ? "
> (Milton : *P. Lost.*)

2.—Not being able to afford a new frock :—

> " Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."
> (Shakespeare : *Sonnet.*)

3.—Having to be a " Wallflower " at a dance :—

> " O solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face ? "
> (Cowper : *Alex Selkirk.*)

4.—Having to endure this climate :—

> " The English winter—ending in July,
> To recommence in August."
> (Byron : *Don Juan.*)

5.—Having to listen to sports Enthusiasts :—

> " Then ye returned to your trinkets, then ye contended your souls
> With the flannelled fools at the wickets, or the muddied oafs at the goals."
> (Kipling : *The Islanders.*)

6.—Having to pay so much for whiskey :—

> " I keep my secret still."
> (G. K. Chesterton : *The Donkey.*)

The last joke is so good I give it, though clearly it has no business here.

Apart from these, I have been able to collect for myself a very pleasant pocket anthology for future use. Lamb, Jane Austen, Byron, Shakespeare and Virginia Woolf seem the authors whose expressions of fury best suit contemporary moods. Only once has the same quotation been repeated by two competitors—Logan Pearsall Smith's outburst against queues with which Clarence leads off.

I chose Clarence as the first prize-winner because his subjects are admirably chosen and his quotations witty. M. Digby nearly tied with Fairy for the second prize ; but his two final exasperations, " Smuggling for others " and " Entails " affect so few of us that I reluctantly let him go. Allan M. Laing, Sir Horace Monro, H. C. Riddell, and A. M. Smyth were runners up.

FIRST PRIZE

MINOR EXASPERATIONS OF LIFE

(1) WAITING IN QUEUES

" O, for an axe ! " My soul cries out in railway stations, " to hew limb from limb all the fiends and Jezebels between me and the ticket-office ! "—*Logan Pearsall Smith.*

(2) A TEPID BEVERAGE

" You lie," he yelled, his voice breaking. " It's ice-cold, this tea you have brought me is ice-cold, I tell you. Try it yourself before you lie to me again about it—it is just lukewarm wash-water, try if it isn't, not fit for a decent person to drink. I won't drink it ! I won't ! " he screamed, and began pounding with his fists on the table, till the dishes rang. " I will have hot tea—boiling hot—that is my right before God and man ! "—*Thomas Mann.*

(3) DEVOTION

The rest of the evening brought her little amusement. She was teased by Mr. Collins, who continued most perseveringly by her side ; and though he could not prevail on her to dance with him again, put it out of her power to dance with others. In vain did she entreat him to stand up with somebody else, and offered to introduce him to any young lady in the room. He assured her that, as to dancing, he was perfectly indifferent to it ; that his chief object was, by delicate attentions, to recommend himself to her ; and that he should therefore make a point of remaining close to her the whole evening.—*Jane Austen.*

(4) SELF-EFFACEMENT

" Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery ? " asked Herbert.

" Thankee, Sir," said Joe, " I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."—*Charles Dickens.*

(5) TABLE MANNERISMS

" Is anyone else coming to dine besides Mr. Casaubon ? "

" Not that I know of."

" I hope there is someone else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so."

" What is there remarkable about his soup-eating ? "

" Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon ? And he always blinks before he speaks."

" Celia," said Dorothea, " pray don't make any more observations of that kind."

" Why not ? They are quite true," returned Celia.

" Many things are true which only the commonest minds observe."

" Then I think the commonest minds must be rather useful. I think it is a pity Mr. Casaubon's mother had not a commoner mind : she might have taught him better."—*George Eliot.*

(6) FEMALE THRIFT

While I think on it, let me tell you, we are moved. What a dislocation of comfort ! Such a heap of nasty little things, after you think all is got into the cart : old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul.—*Charles Lamb.*

CLARENCE

SECOND PRIZE

MINOR EXASPERATIONS OF LIFE

(1) THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING UP

I talked of the difficulty of rising in the morning. Dr. Johnson told me " that the learned Mrs. Carter . . . had a contrivance that, at a certain hour, her chamber-light should burn a string to which a heavy weight was suspended, which then fell with a strong sudden noise : this roused her from sleep, and then she had no difficulty in getting up." But I said THAT was my difficulty.—Boswell, *Life of Johnson.*

(2) WAITING FOR THE LADIES

Up, and my wife, a little before four, and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us by agreement, and she and I staid talking below while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready.—*Pepys Diary*, July 14th, 1667.

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(4) DOMESTIC FRICTION

When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability.—Sir Arthur Helps, *Friends in Council*.

(5) THE NUISANCE OF THE BUSYBODY

It is much the same with the busybody. Ignoring the topics and questions which are open to all, and which no one prevents him from asking about or is annoyed with him if he does ask, he goes picking out of every house the troubles which it is endeavouring to bury out of sight.—Plutarch, *Essays*.

(6) THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR

Outwardly you may be on friendly terms with the people next door, but, if the truth were known, you do not think much of them. . . . It is not hatred, far less envy, neither is it contempt exactly. Only you do not understand why they live as they do. . . . They simply do not mind things that would drive you stark mad. They can sleep through their own hideous noise, eat their own ill-prepared food, put up with anything, just because it is theirs.—Frank More Colby, *Tailor Blood*.

"FAIRY"

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 98.—STAMPS

"We went to see my Uncle, the Professor," said little Eva, "and we saw some letters lying on the hall table. Some of them had French stamps on them and some had German stamps."

"And I suppose you wanted the stamps?" I said.

"Yes," said Eva. "I was asking Uncle if I couldn't have some. And he said 'Right you are. There are six letters with typewritten addresses; you can have the stamps off those.'

"So I picked up those six letters, and they all had French stamps. I pointed this out to Uncle, and he said: 'Dear me, how extraordinary; you know, the odds against that were ten to one.'"

How many letters were there in all, and how many carried French and German stamps respectively?

PROBLEM 96.—SYBIL

Let there be r girls.

Let their ages when they came to the village be

$$a,\ a+d,\ a+2d\ \ldots\ a+\overline{r-1}d \text{ years.}$$

Then if n years have elapsed since they came to the village, the second condition shows that $n = kd$.

Hence $\frac{r}{2}(2a+\overline{r-1}d)+\frac{r}{2}(2a+\overline{r-1}d)+rkd = 100,$

or $$r(2a+\overline{r-1}d)+rkd = 100.$$

Therefore r is a factor of 100, and, as r is clearly more than 2, r must be 4, 5, or 10.

Further, the third condition shows that a must be odd and d must be even.

Now if $r = 4$,

$$2a+(3+k)d = 25,$$

but as d is even, there is no integral solution.

If $r = 10$,

$$2a+(9+k)d = 10,$$

the only solution of which in integers is $a = 0$, $k = 1$, $d = 1$.

Accordingly r = neither 4 nor 10;

i.e., $r = 5$.

Hence $2a+(4+k)d = 20$.

This yields the following possibilities:

	k	a	d
(1)	1	5	2
(2)	2	4	2
(3)	3	3	2
(4)	4	2	2
(5)	5	1	2

But only case (3) is consistent with the data.

i.e., the girls when they came to the village were

3, 5, 7, 9, 11,

and are now

9, 11, 13, 15, 17

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: T. S. Wetherall, Woodlands, Park Avenue, Broadstairs.

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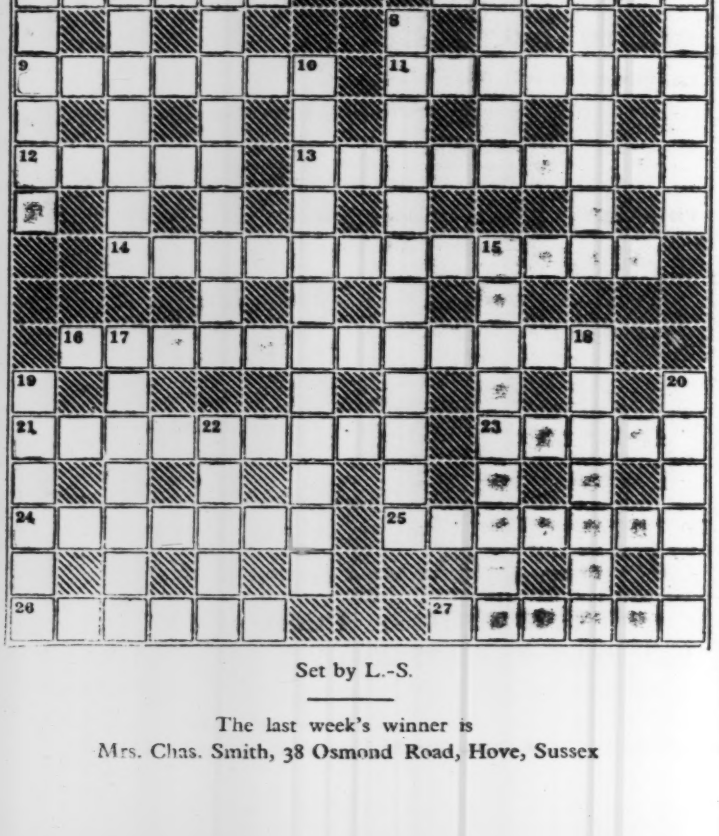
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 244

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Chas. Smith, 38 Osmond Road, Hove, Sussex

ACROSS.

1. The omnibus's relations get the boot.
4. Palm oil.
9. Describes the parson who ties the knot.
11. Where firing material is kept.
12. This young man may come to grips.
13. Milton's strong man.
14. Complexion bloom.
16. The physicist would no doubt expect such gatherings to be material collisions.
21. Of course this part of the body is humerusly situated.
23. Neck wear for a thief.
24. A diffident R.A. in hiding.
25. A weapon self wounded.
26. In it is an extra drink.
27. "What— homespuns have we swaggering here."

DOWN.

1. Falling mark.
2. Equestrian foothold.
3. Gelatine is in a place for reflection.
5. Hi, Sir, an Indian sage.
6. Turn to an ant for colour.
7. Listen for this.
8. You'd expect the Post Office to profit by this literary fellow.
10. Garments that have come unhooked.
15. The wisdom of building on this rock might well be questioned.
17. This income tax was 20*s*. in the £ in the first year.
18. Dentist's work on the breach.
19. Result of singular property.
20. No French follow the last of 27.
22. Long for an affirmative on the Navy.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	T	A	R	G	A	Z	I	N	G	■	O	S	L	O
M	■	N	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	F	■	U	■	R
O	N	E	O	V	E	R	T	H	E	E	I	G	H	T
K	■	C	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	O
I	N	D	I	A	N	A	■	W	A	S	T	R	E	L
N	■	O	■	W	■	S	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	A
G	O	T	H	A	■	T	Y	P	E	■	B	A	R	N
■	■	E	■	Y	■	E	■	L	■	G	■	V	■	■
B	A	S	S	■	P	R	O	A	■	R	E	A	L	M
R	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	Y	■	A	■	I	■	I
E	L	M	W	O	O	D	■	E	I	D	O	L	O	N
R	■	A	■	C	■	E	■	D	■	I	■	A	■	A
F	I	F	T	H	O	F	N	O	V	E	M	B	E	R
O	■	I	■	S	■	O	■	U	■	N	■	L	■	E
X	R	A	Y	■	P	E	T	T	Y	T	H	E	F	T

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IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Below are extracts from the speech of the Chairman (Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes), at the Annual General Meeting of Imperial Airways Ltd., on Monday, 5 November 1934

The Chairman said:

¶ During the year under review, the traffic carried on the European services has not only been maintained but improved

¶ The traffic on the Indian and Malayan route shows a gratifying and steady growth

¶ The traffic on the whole of the Africa route increased by more than 40 per cent over the previous year

¶ We are quite convinced that our services are by far the quietest and most comfortable in the world. . . . Our standard of efficiency, service, and discipline are also, we believe, second to none in the world

¶ The line from England to South Africa, at least as far as Johannesburg, is to be doubled in frequency almost immediately, so that there will be two services each way a week between London and Johannesburg

¶ We also have under immediate consideration the question of increasing the frequency of our Eastern service to twice weekly

¶ The extension from Singapore to Australia will commence just before Christmas

¶ We decided some months ago to order two flying-boats and two land-planes as prototypes on which experimental work could be conducted. . . . These aircraft will be much larger than anything at present in our Company's service . . . and they will, of course, be faster than the existing fleet

¶ When our present fleet is replaced, the public may expect a substantial increase in speed as well as frequency

¶ No amount of written matter can ever equal the visit of a director, a salesman or an inspector. I hold the view that 'Trade follows the passenger' far more than that 'Trade follows the mail'. . . . To separate the mail and passenger services would merely mean that instead of both classes of traffic getting the benefit of increased frequency, neither of them would, and we believe that the passenger services are as important as mail services

¶ *The Directors recommended the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares of the Company of 6% less tax, as compared with 5% for the previous year. The net profit for the year was £78,571 . 13 . 0 as compared with £52,894 . 1 . 10 for the previous year*

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE DISTRESS IN LOMBARD STREET—CHEAP MONEY AND OVERDRAFT RATES—A GILT EDGED FORECAST—DORMAN LONG—BEER

SOMEONE remarked to me last week that the slump had at last come to Lombard Street. Certainly, if the banking houses in the City, with their painted and gilded signs outside and their marble halls within, do not look like distressed areas, yet there has been great mental distress among the bankers. A bitter warfare has raged since the Midland Bank broke the bill agreement some four weeks ago. The sharp fall in rates which followed upon this act of "treachery" put the clearing banks and the discount houses in a very awkward situation. The discount market naturally objected to paying the clearing banks a fixed 1 per cent. for short loans seeing that the Treasury Bill tender rate had fallen to 6*s.* 7.6*d.* per cent., and other rates proportionately. The banks, on the other hand, object to paying 2 per cent. or more on country deposits now that three months' bills are bringing them in under ½ per cent. After some heated conferences and much plain speaking, the bankers dictated the terms of an armistice this week in the stricken field of the discount market. For all loans made against Treasury Bills or bills discountable at the Bank of England the minimum rate is reduced from 1 per cent. to ½ per cent. This will relieve chiefly the smaller discount houses, for the larger ones are carrying a far larger proportion of bonds and besides are obtaining "outside" money at ½ per cent. But the banker's problem remains—how much to allow on deposits? A differentiation is already made between country and London deposits. Should the country rate be further reduced and the London rate abolished altogether? It is, of course, foolish for bankers to pay even ½ per cent. on foreign money which is using London as a funk-hole. If Bank rate is reduced this week from 2 per cent. to 1½ per cent. the bankers may pluck up courage to cut deposit rates, but for the moment they are pretending that the problem does not exist. We need shed no tears upon the depressing outlook for the bankers, for what they lose in income they gain in capital appreciation on their gilt-edged holdings. Even if they do not sell stock in order to cash in their capital profit it must be pleasant enough for them to feel richer as their income declines.

* * *

A young banker was shocked by my paragraph two weeks ago in which I complimented the Midland Bank on "ratting." The trade union feeling is, of course, strong among bankers, and I sympathise with the loyal banker's contempt for "blacklegs." But my friend declared that it was not a "sound" or "social" move to ruin the discount market, which might be very helpful when a Labour Government comes into power, and that it did not help trade to cheapen money further. I have already argued that the big discount houses are in no danger of extinction, their managements being clever enough to earn profits on other things than bills, but it must be kept in mind that while the numbers of unemployed are over 2,000,000, money cannot become too cheap, and that a further fall in short-term money rates brings down the long-term rate of interest and cheapens, ultimately, the whole cost of industrial borrowing. I agree that trade is not deriving the full benefit it should from the reign of cheap money, but that is largely due to the banks not reducing their rates on overdrafts. To charge 3½ per cent. to 5 per cent. in these days is preposterous. If my friend argues that the Banks cannot afford to reduce overdraft charges, I would ask him to explain what "afford" means. Does it imply affording the present dividends paid by the banks to their shareholders? If so, I would reply that if the banks behaved like ordinary commercial concerns they would not hesitate to cut their dividends temporarily and reduce overdraft charges in order to expand their business. It is idle for them to complain of their inability to lend if their advances are too dear to attract borrowers.

* * *

If the banks will not allow cheap money to reach trade directly through their advances, we must be thankful for the rise in the gilt-edged market. Under the leadership of old Consols British Government funds have reached new high records this week. [At the moment of writing old Consols have touched 84⅞ to yield £2 19*s.* 3*d.* per cent.] I was interested to see that a leading firm of brokers suggests that the gilt-edged market will not reach its peak until 1935. They make a comparison between our present revival and that of 1895–99. "Like our present revival," they say, "the 1895–99 recovery was based mainly on building, fostered by an exceedingly low rate of interest. There was little or no recovery in export trade or in foreign lending. The greater part of the world overseas from 1893 to 1896 was in a condition of default, depression and bank failures. But in 1894 building began to recover and carried other industries along with it. It continued to expand until 1896, the year in which interest rates reached their lowest level. By this time the building revival had become merged in a general world industrial recovery and exports began to pick up. In 1899 came the Boer War." They relate this recovery to the present thus: "A financial crisis (the Baring crisis) occurred in 1890 (1929). There followed an industrial depression, touching its low point in 1893 (1932). A building recovery began in 1894 (1933) and continued till the year of highest gilt-edged values which was 1896 (1935?). From then until 1899 (1938?) were three years of general good trade, although Europe at the time was politically upset and an Anglo-French war was widely expected." This may give us courage to view the French crisis and the Saar danger with gilt-edged equanimity.

* * *

Having recommended, on October 13th, Dorman Long 5½ per cent. debenture stock at 76 as a fair speculation (it is now quoted at 81), I suppose I must review the position in the light of the new scheme of arrangement. If the company is doing as well as the secretary declares in his circular, it is difficult to see why the debenture stockholders should be asked to sacrifice arrears of interest from November 1st, 1932, to July 1st, 1934, and to receive immediately little more than half their old income. Each £100 of old stock is to be exchanged into £60 5 per cent. redeemable debenture stock and £50 6½ per cent. non-cumulative first preference shares of £1. Current profits are said to be running at a rate equal to the new fixed charges of the company (£180,000), depreciation allowance (£130,000), bank loan interest and amortisation (about £145,000) and "some dividend on the 6½ per cent. preference shares." According to Stock Exchange report, half the preference dividend may be assumed. This would give a return of 4⅝ per cent. per £100 old stock. As the new 5 per cent. debenture stock is to rank in front of nearly all the bankers' loans, and is to receive a cumulative sinking fund of 1 per cent. from 1939, final redemption being in 1975, I assume that it will be valued in the market at around 105 (its call price from 1940). If the new preference shares may be valued at about 11*s.*, the old 5½ per cent. debenture stock is worth about 90½. So it remains a fair speculation at 81. Buyers should, however, bear in mind that if Belgian and French exporters were to receive the benefit of a depreciated exchange in the near future, 1934 may be the peak year for British iron and steel companies.

* * *

On the figures of the first nine months it is estimated that the production of beer in this country will be some 15,400,000 barrels, or 7 per cent. in excess of that of the previous year. This is fine for the brewing companies, but what is finer is the extra profit which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has allowed them. Allowing for the increase of 2 degrees in gravity agreed upon with Mr. Chamberlain, the brewery companies obtained a reduction in duty of 30*s.* per barrel. The reduction of 1*d.* per pint is equivalent to 24*s.* per barrel. What have they done with the 6*s.* per barrel thus gained?

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Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said that the Christmas and New Year Cards Department had maintained its output and its reputation for beauty and artistic originality. Tuck's Children's Books continued to satisfy the ever-changing and ever-widening taste of the young reader. There was a fineness about their production, their printing, their binding, and their general get-up which placed them in the front rank of children's books.

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Next year would be known as the Silver Jubilee Year, commemorating the 25th year of accession of Their Majesties to the Throne. To mark this joyful occasion the King and Queen had graciously consented that special Silver Jubilee Photographic Portraits of Their Majesties should be taken, and he was proud to be able to inform shareholders that to Raphael Tuck and Sons had been entrusted the taking of these official portraits, and the distribution of reproductions of them throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. Details would be announced in due course as to the exact forms these Royal reproductions would take. It was to be anticipated that the demand for them would be very heavy, not merely by Their Majesties' subjects individually, but by schools, institutions, Government Offices and business firms. The company was proposing further to publish a special Silver Jubilee Souvenir, to the character of which much thought and consideration had been given, and it would be fully worthy of the important event it celebrated and in keeping with the high traditions of their firm.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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